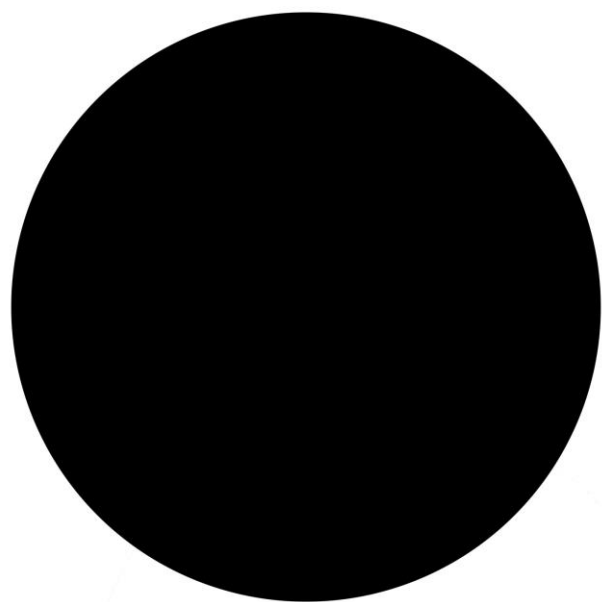


THE MERCHANT PROJECT  
&  
THE END



A Philosophical Treatise

*THE MERCHANT PROJECT*

*And*

*THE END OF THE MERCHANT PROJECT*

*A philosophical treatise*

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## Chapter 07

John has been writing for some time, now. He is working on an article, one that does not pay too much; but it keeps his mind invested as to what is happening at this moment. He does it because nothing is really happening, the day is quiet; and many of the days that have come before were also quiet.. to the point in which John is becoming somewhat confused as to the airiness of the situation.

A moment before, he was thinking about a grand odalisque structure, quite square in its design.. he is worried about the ways in which he was brought up. His schooldays come back to haunt him occasionally. For the most part, he is left alone to his studies; and sometimes he engages in hand to hand donation, acquiring some scraps in order to satiate his day to day cravings. He enjoys wagyu, although for the most part, he is quite lucky to get bread; and so this is more than enough. Although there was a time, he goes on to think about, as if backing up to some old days in which he quaintly remember and very well hopes to go back to, he finds that he is too far forward in this moment to do anything quite so nostalgic.

The bell rings; and he is quite nervous – he cannot remember the bell ever ringing, perhaps he has made it up. He puts on his shoes, prepared for anything he makes his advance. There is no one there, and he cannot move any more. Struck with paranoia he has no idea where the ringing came from, assuming it must be someone from next door.

John stays in a block of flats; and although the distance between each space is considerable, it is not so large that it prevents one from unwittingly enquiring as to what is happening on the other side, especially with a loud noise, or apparent knocking. John is just glad he did not open the door, or else he might have had to have seen the figure who might have stood opposite his attention span.

All dressed up, he waits a moment, and then opens the door, somewhat expectantly; and then thrusts himself out into the open in order to go for a walk. He does this to get out, for he has no other reason to leave the house.

He would like to think of himself as an investigator, and what he is investigating is the habits that hold him into place.

Everyday he goes about, doing pretty much the same thing; and he wonders if it is like this for all of those who are around him too; but he does not know, and always seems to miss the moment in which he thinks he is allowed to ask.

There are many people that walk these streets, although many people are divisible by what seems to be a similar class, for the other guys exist inside of their vehicles; and he wonders where these come from too, sometimes even writing about it in some book he keeps in his closet.

Although the book he is writing in now is more about the nature of walking, and the smell of a cigarette, he cares little for what the process actually does for him, only that his paranoia drives him to believe that it occurs beyond his own sense of will, and so driven by fate, he walks; and for what purpose besides that of a cigarette?

It gets darker on other days, where he could swear that there is something inside of his brain, reading his mind; and so he has started to create reasons as to why anything would want to read his mind in the first place.

Standing outside of the smoke shop, he looks around to see the variety of life, spread from the trees to the roads; and whatever exists upon it precipice. His heart is beating, and he can feel it speed up when he holds his breath. He exhales smoke, thinking about euphoria; but euphoria has others plans, striking his mind with strange pictures of another time and place, it propels him forward, and he shambles back to where he came.

He starts to write again, but what he writes he cannot remember seeing. A lot of the information has been lost because he has not the will to find it anymore. The days in which he had a sort of confidence had run dry; and what is left is this husk that repeats memory.

He spills words onto the page, speaking of a dark space, and the will that binds him to this place. When he is finished he closes the book and continues with his day, which involves another walk in order to quench his thirst for activity.

He desires to find something out there.. a voice that calls to him, and guides him to places which provide clarity.

He does not know what he searches for.

He is waiting for something to present itself. He likes to think of music. He has the will to start something; but no way, it feels like this city has been designed like this.

His days are arduous and long; but not hard, rather pointless.

The city is a hard place; but built for life, it develops. More than that, the city actually prospers, and this confuses john, because he has no idea where anything comes from. He thinks it is all too well-coordinated. Sometimes it annoys him, that he cannot find any answers; and so rather decides to make them up as he goes. This has had profound effects for john, and has somewhat stunted his financial wellbeing as of late. He hasn't the mind to care anyways. His paranoia concerning this darkness is becoming overwhelming as of late; and he is starting to think again, about the construction of his brain, if he is the only one that can see this. His occupation with the working class make it difficult for him to make any assurances because it seems as though nobody thinks like he does; and recently he has had a falling out with his psychologist. He does not like the way in which his information is being used; and yet he does not actually know what the psychologist does besides listen.

It seems as though john does not want anybody to listen anymore, for it feels as though something has listened too much; and now john is silenced from the world in which he was once a part of.

In this sense, it is the perfect excuse for john to continue writing into his unrequited stories; and so he is justified in his own sense of revelation concerning the ways in which he notices living.

The emptiness is a breeding ground for contempt; and john is having troubles with his sympathies, exclaiming to himself that he is better off dead; and that he exists in some sort of



system. He has a will to find out something; and everyday he tries a little bit more, a little something different.

It has been so long that john forgets how much he has actually changed; and he cannot compare because the ways of society are blocked from his gaze.

John would like to think of himself as smart; but really he is good at making himself a target. He continues to say this to himself every day. It raises his sense of self-importance.

He closes his book, he is shivering but it is not cold.

Something just does not feel right.

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## Chapter 06

John has been receiving messages as of late, although he does not have a phone, he sees them in the form of numbers, letters or abstract conversation eavesdropped by walking by. He looked at his watch today, except instead of a watch, he watched his wrist, which had three small rocks planted in a triangle across its surface area. He brushed them off, but when he looked up, a bird flew astonishingly close by, and two men were walking side by side, with the numbers 4 and 2 on their shirts, respectively.

The one man walked to the side, leading the number 4 down that way, while 2 stood idly by for a moment, before walking off into the other direction.

“a split..” he says, in a whisper.

Following the bird again, which now flies overhead ... is it the same bird? It flies straight down between the two numbers, to lead my eye to a stop sign, at a fork in the road.

I sit for a moment, wondering what this could mean.

I am looking at a triangle, but from where I sit, it would make a square. The bird had to fly twice. The rocks each landed differently. What were the colours of the shirts? I could not see the men anymore. My mind started to think of a nuclear bomb. “foreboding” I say.

“I could think of this as a game” he says out loud “I wonder how many of us are playing?”

He sits in a park, the roads are quiet today.

This is the moment he is searching for, although not compelled to write about, he chooses to sit on it instead. Although his mind has already caught the phrase.

He wishes he could turn it off sometimes; but even in his writing space, time catches up to him eventually. How long before he realises, His eyes, reading the material like cameras - he is feeling every moment in a sensory tank; and so he writes his own death sentence.

The death already sentenced for him, but unwilling to stop it for he does not remember how it ends, or how he even got there in the first place, only that he has information to write; and so this is how he escapes?

He writes about his government as if they are not there, as if he does not make them, or enforce them.. some arbitrary presence that lives alongside him, out of reach. He has nothing else to write about as of late, the government seems to be this town, besides all the interesting characters he might have had the will to meet, they are destroyed in the face of this overbearing paranoia.

He wants to destroy it – he wants to be born again, under a new flag, which he has helped promote. The destruction can be altogether friendly, he thinks.. although he wonders how far political ends go, in order to meet, maybe he does not know what friendliness is in their eyes, his own, or anyone else's.. If there is anyone here besides himself and this.. governance.

He does things sometimes, with other people. It would go to show that there is something there; but he still does not know what, he can never seem to find out.. there is always a delay.

"I can just never seem to get my fix" he says to her, as if looking into a mirror.

She remains somewhat quiet, and looks to continue with her day, they are both smoking a cigarette.

They work together, briefly, and exchange this moment on the occasion that time splits for both accordingly.

There are a few others that exist around the area, taking part in an altogether carnal experience.

The people here are always preparing for something, and many of them come and go. Usually I tend to be around a lot more, although known a lot less than any of the other folk, I go by unnoticed, merely enjoying the artifice of a person that I once remembered. Although my mind festers in these public dens, for the possibility at which information can spread is catastrophic, although I keep my mouth shut.

There will be a day, but I can never quite explain it without sounding crazy, rather choosing to accept it as yesterday, or tomorrow.

It makes me a sort of safe character. Reliable in that I can store all of this information, trusting in that I will never let it go, I am too fearful. Rather, I just let it sleep.

For how long this can go on, I cannot fathom, it seems as though the information is endless. That is the point in which I lose myself; I wonder when the information can be considered complete? When can it be considered useful?

It was just another day when the black G. Wagon arrived outside of Johns doorway. He was drinking tea.

At first he heard a knock, somewhat confused he remembered the last time, and left it; but when it happened again, a little louder, he felt a wave of anxiety through his body, he started to shiver and he did not know why; but he knew he must confront something, eventually; and besides, perhaps it was someone he knew.

When John woke up again, he was not greeted with words. There was no time for explanation and so rather he is now forced to witness his helplessness, however he got here. He could not move; I wonder what it is that he is actually seeing?

--

They plugged his brain into a system.

There was a day when Johns brooding had just become too much; and so this sends a ping to the thinking machine. Once identified it starts to summarise the keywords at a pace in which the brain thinks. It starts to visualise the sense from which an eye sees; and so all information becomes accessible.. all that hate that John felt, partly for himself, partly for another, altogether linking back to this godforsaken government he had found himself caught up in. and he knew it was only a matter of time, he just did not know how. Eventually the gang had acquired enough information to stop caring; and so put out an order to cease Johns apparent

tyranny. His incite for control, and uncontrolled violence against the masses, his longing to be disconnected. It would end him up here, in some kind of penitentiary, and he could no longer see this world, save for in the numbers that code it.

John now acts as a transistor; and assists us at the government offices to provide overwatch over our communities.

It becomes difficult to work in a government that is not already centralised, considering we have all of the technology; and technology has rapidly advanced over the generations. The iterations of ones existence.

The thinking machine breaks information down, and the more we learn, the more we can understand how to guide it. The thinking machine, however, cannot think without information.. yet.

It requires an already propelled system to learn from, as much insight we can already gain, we still cannot see into its complexity much further than this; and so we require a larger database for research, which is why the nuclear ping astounds us as it catches the keywords of every persons thought in a day, assisting us with new ideas as to how we can gather even more information than we already have. The john we have recently acquired was speaking about a space ship...

This is altogether a genius plan, if I were to say so myself.

I've been sitting on it for quite a while now... it is always interesting when the nuclear sensor pings; and so finally you have access to an assortment of thought you didn't even

realise possible. As to why no one in the government centre had thought about anything as such is beyond me. Perhaps we were already working on pieces, considering the space technology is somewhat already there.

You see, we have been trying to advocate for space travel, in which we can occupy adjacent planets; but this found itself redundant in the boardrooms I was a part of in favour of a more financially inductive approach.

It would always have been a similar issue, concerning the land of such space; and the resources that it held. We knew these places too, had a finite amount, although without an idea as to what we could exactly do with the material, we had greater interests in the minerals that were so scarce, over here.

So instead of channeling the money out there, we just channelled it in here, through the design and construction of such laborious contraptions.

We then internalised the marketing structures, and so every section has its own shell.

As to how much it cost to build this machine, would be based on the type of conversation you could have over a cigarette. Everyone smokes in this room; but not here; the commander is quite stern.

As to the ways we speak, is mainly over a computer screen, distributed over time; but time is instantaneous here, the surge of information we collect in this room is paramount to an ordered collective thinking; and so somewhat void of ethics on an individual scale, many of the operators are quiet. We are all indirectly connected to a brain system,

which is monitored by a medical staff. The computer works quite quickly, and we are trying to code it to pick up certain catchphrases. This would then send a series of shocks through each of the subjects connected; and so we would analyse the results that appear. Besides observing how the outward subject is reacting, we identify a correlation to our own reality, on microscopic levels of space. The microscope in these brains are then very small, and penetrate through a subatomic wave, which then scans the point that we want to analyse. And so sometimes probing the foot, and sometimes the face.

Altogether, connected to a large computer, these waves are then picked up; and this is what we analyse. We then construct the reality space through an algorithm and this lets us hone in on specific frequencies; and due to the subjects location in space, we can actually use them as a point of reference.

What this means for us, is that john never really stood a chance, as soon as he started to think too deeply about the thinking machine, we got him; and at this point we are not hiring.

After connecting john to the system, we can now access more than his current thoughts; but also his subconscious memories. This is where we now reacquire the information we have been collecting, to make sure that we can source as much information as possible.

We are then probing johns current thoughts again with such images, through an induced psychosis. He is asleep at this moment; but we are reading his dreams in order to see if he



thinks further upon his concept. At this point, however, we have already implemented a few of the plans, specifically attributed to the space station; and moon prison. And already have started a syllabus through trial and error using his writing. John does not realise what he is doing. In another world, he would be worshipped as a saviour; but here much of the business is made anonymous through stocks that are made too big to fail.

I have been watching throughout the day; but now it is time for me to go home.

I have a wife and kids, we moved out of town. The facility I work at is only a few moments drive away, also situated somewhat away from any central business area. It is quite large and looks somewhat professional, there are many layers to the building. It looks like a large hospital in the middle of an industrially zoned area, sort of like a large business park. Our building takes up a lot of space; and is covered by walls that separate it from the adjacent buildings. A lot of these surrounding areas are also indirectly connected to the larger business model, so administration is handled from this sector regarding service related industry; and mineral transportation.

As you drive through the area, you will notice processing plants, and many large roads that are connected by a scantily railroad. Trucks then occupy this space, filling in and out of the buildings in many rows. After driving through a brief floral space, we enter into a more residential area, with a school nearby, and a shopping centre.

The house we live in fills the rows of many that exist alongside this road; and some of my neighbors even work close by, residing in desk jobs for mineral businesses, in which they assist with the logistics of transport.

A lot of my work is invested in stocks; and I usually spend my day perusing over these while my wife and children act as a sort of cover-up, playing in the garden, or watching TV; and occasionally I am required to make them breakfast, or some sort of reasoning for interaction which betokens my sense of fatherliness. I do find myself preoccupied in the work for the most part; and so my loving wife gets to go on her holidays, taking the children with and I continue to do whatever it is that I do, having to go on the occasional business trip to provide some form of representation in line to my working comrades.

“and so how was work today?” she asks in a passing moment “it was alright, i had to patch up a fellow that lost his foot on the trainyard” I say “and next week there is a conference in Main, so I will have to be attending, Johnson requested I do a talk concerning the ways in which a brain connects to the nerves...”

“oh wow, poor fellow; and I’m sure J would appreciate it, I remember him talking about you when we were last together” she fades off, remembering a time not so long ago. “yeah, he has been on my case about it for quite some time, it will help a lot to boost the confidence for the *brain-scan* release, the medical industry is evolving quickly these days, I’m not sure I can even keep up” perhaps it was time for me to retire.

The conversation fades off as she calls out to my daughter, I watch her closely as she moves away.

A lot of the time, the specifics of my job can be kept under wraps; and besides my role in the operation, I'm not sure how much my comrades will accept me if I were to unravel every moment of our occupied time together to this other; and so my relationships are split at the moment, and have been split for quite some time, having married my wife only after I got the job, I consider the relationship secondary at this point, although she does exhibit more confidence that me at times, and that I can appreciate, especially at the student-teacher conferences.

I drive into work quite early on most days. There is a special parking space reserved for staff, and I usually take the middle one. The receptionists sit at their desks as I walk in, and they look at me through the visor, separating my side from theirs, we say a brief hello.

I walk down the hall into the dormitory block, and greet my patients good morning, checking in to see how that foot is holding up, a brief conversation and a touch on the shoulder should prove alright. I then walk into my office, take a moment to look at some emails; and then walk down the stairs into the operating room.

There are many rows of tables lined in this room, with many different personalities placed upon its face. I do not need to say good morning to all of them, just to the masked figures who are analysing for any inconsistencies.

“nothing seems to be a problem here” a voice calls out to me in conversation; but only briefly as with the other patients, I then walk into the other operating room behind this and say good morning to the commander and his crew, who have been here the whole night already. What they are looking for anymore is beyond me, and so I just enjoy watching them fill the day with work set out for someone..

It would be interesting to see how this machine could rig stocks.. taking a seat, I then log in from another computer and start looking at my emails again. There is a lot of progress that goes on around the world in a night; and every day I feel as though we get closer to something that is more foreboding than anything else. There are many teams that then exist apart from me that commit themselves to an assortment of disconnected work, and so the jets that take off; and the spaceships that fly out; and the businesses that crumble and grow. At this point I really should just focus on whatever it is that I am doing, which is waiting, at this point, I have a surgery scheduled at 1200.

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## Chapter 05

The structure is being built in a desert. It is too big to move around, so we are building around it. It looks like many skysrise buildings placed together. How we are getting this thing into space, is most probably with a lot of fuel, although recently I have heard of colleagues who are working on a magnetic form of transportation. And not by using its spin to generate electrical waves, rather its repulsion to generate propulsive force on large scales. It sounds the same; but it seems as though the latter floats; and can be suspended in air. And so without air, in a vacuum, it might exhibit interesting results.

We had to build a makeshift town nearby to its construction, the next closest place being at least 50km away, we send trucks to pick up logistics that get dropped of there.

The town close by holds a large migrant camp for workers who have been drafted on a long term building contract. The town further away has been drafted into a military camp. The surrounding area for the next 100km has been turned into a perimeter. Sometimes we send out drones to the border of the landscape, and its artificial mind identifies anything that moves through the sand, from here we can send out specialised teams, in cars and helicopters. It is quite a large ordeal.

The people of the neighbouring town weren't so understanding of the process in the first place, acting as some rural, or cave-like figure of ones history; and so

convinced into the working routine, many contracts were signed by its council to allow for the citizens their jobs and newfound livelihood.

I didn't quite realise what was happening when I first signed up. I was interested in the pay that was offered; and the 12 month contract was not against me, for I was looking to get out of this town anyways.. there is a crampedness that I had felt at the time.

After working in a contracting company for many years, I didn't think I'd get the opportunity to leave my country; and so here I am, but looking at the scope of such a thing, I wonder if I will ever get out, or if ill perhaps be put onto that thing when we are done creating it, if that even happens in my lifetime.

I have been working with a team inside of this structure, moving steel with large cranes, and placing it into the room in order to create many intricate door ways.

What I worked on the other day looked like a large hall, almost like a shopping centre, for there were no chairs or tables, and rather an assortment of empty spaces that lined its perimeter; and then the roof went overhead and everything turns dark. This is when the lights team starts their work in the rafters, applying each frame and bulb in the process, in which we then screw everything together afterwards. A lot of the structure looks like it is being held together by string, the way that the scaffolding is holding it up; and many things are not quite tied together; but there seems to be a plan for each space; and so another contractor

passes through in the morning to describe each days duties, in a specific, and layered context.

After work, we meet in the cafeteria to eat; and then to the makeshift dorms, where we then quickly fall into slumber. The days are hot, the sand blows in my face; and so I actually enjoy working in the heart of the machine, for it is sometimes much colder here. It feels like a mine sometimes, although we are building it from the inside out.

The food they give me sometimes makes me feel sick; but there are better days I wonder, as I think about what I will actually do with the money I get from such a thing.

Apparently the pay out occurs once the contract ends, we are shuffled along in rows. Each day is similar to the last, it feels like it never ends.

Today while laying sediment, one of the workers fell in between the space of two blocks. It is a sort of vent that scales quite a vertical distance which separates the spaces through a sort of airlock; and judging by the distance at which he fell, we assume he did not survive the landing. We had a tough time trying to figure out how to actually get down there, considering the corridor is quite tight, it would seem rude to have just left him there; but with the steelwork already in place, everyone just continued working, leaving the bones to exist suspended in the now blocked off chamber. As to the amount of collateral death that has occurred on the building site, I cannot say; it does not happen at too regular of an occurrence, and so exhaustion

maybe thrusts us into debate with the foremen; but due to the sheer amount of workers, sometimes we are allowed to step out. There are accidents I have noticed though, such as falling from high places and the likes, which are then worked through, and the bodies placed elsewhere.

All in all, it is quite a professional place, sometimes a bit worrisome as to the amount of surveillance that takes place; and to think of the larger interests at hand here, I can only see as far as the tools that they have given me, which is enough for me to question everything about this project in the first place.

Questioning is only a brief moment in my mind though, for the days work keeps me quite busy; and so I remain preoccupied at what I am good at, which is building whatever they are telling me to build, we get briefed about it again, this time with a short film to showcase the instruments we will be using today, it looks like some kind of radio system, or a large cockpit, lots of chairs and tables; and all sorts of wires. Not my job at this point, although to get the general picture helps to visualise how it is that I must move the steel. I start to feel dizzy at the sheer amount of brainwaves travelling through the room simultaneously. Firstly, I am not understanding much of the information that is being displayed at this moment. There are diagrams and all sorts of images that describe the machine as a sort of fixed circuit; the three dimensional images do not correlate, or at least this is where I am seeing no correlation, I look around briefly, and everyone is seemingly interested, perhaps with faces more confused than it would seem



The teacher is speaking very fast, and so my mind starts to wander to these thoughts. The more I think about it, the more I start to hear the ramblings of an autonomous movement, and it is strange to hear it speak of nothingness in such an authoritative manner. A powerful discretion passed over me; and I started to focus on the lecture again. It is from here we are led to the machine itself, we had arrived through an entryway that is large enough for vehicles to pass through, I suppose the vehicles would have to be floating, provided we are quite high up on the scaffolding .the back of the ship has a fold out landing pad; but we are coming in from the side. We are then able to use a crane to deliver small machinery onto the side wall of the space, which we can then take deeper into the station.

The station is to be taken to space. We are powering a device, to launch its shuttle into space. "From here, each piece can be sent up simultaneously, and we can connect them together up there"

"we're sending squares into space?"

"Patrick, Patrick! Just move the material, once everything is connected together, we can then see how it works, just follow the steps for now."

The longer I do this, the more I should come to understand; but we are doing it in so many simultaneous pieces, it can be difficult to follow through sometimes.

"only when it is done, can we ever see what happens" one of the staff members say, in a jest.

The foreman's face is straight "just get to work."

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## Chapter 04

Fischal is in Main today. He has been sitting in a large meeting hall for about two hours, addressing the state of new age medical science, and speaking of its financial investments into the future. He has not been doing much of the talking, and so rather chooses to listen to the differing statements made by an assortment of private companies. None of them are actually doing too much, he thinks to himself, although they do provide a variety of interesting effects... to add to the irony, he himself was tasked at doing a presentation, on the brain.

“well,” he admits, “I don’t know if I really know anything about the brain at all” he is attempting to explain how brain scan is going to reveal a lot about behavioural pathways, how it will be an aid to neuroscience, and how its use is exponentially increasing in more general use.

“we can take the brain and control it, healing even the tiniest of crevices.” He is displaying a micro-bot on the screen, which is doing a precise surgery, *through* the skull.

“and also through this liquid, which lines the body through the blood” and clicks to a time-lapse.

All in all, it was not a necessary venture; but showing up to such an event is always helpful to ones own work. This also

gave Fischal some time away from his place of residence, or work, at least in some indirect sense.

Besides this, Fischal always gets a close eye from the governing presence at any sort of large scale conference, his working methods are experimental; and every one tends to know about the extremity of his work, although not to the limits at which the government potentially embodies it.

Pity he does not go to an event where people do not know him; but he only goes to the ones he gets invited to, and so tends to run into these figures. He himself, is perpetuated by what he is invited to, he doesn't always need to explore further.

---

John has been thinking for quite some time, albeit somewhat confused as to where it is that he finds himself walking. A lot of the time he can barely remember the faces of the people who he speaks to, and he constantly feels a grumbling in his stomach, or some sort of foreboding presence that is watching over him.

His memories have been plagued, and prolonged, displaying affection from days that he no longer relates to; it feels as though the memories are not his anymore.

He continues to remember up until a point; but then there is a forgetfulness that sends him back, somewhere...

The doctor is looking down at john, moving an electrical prod up and down the body, painlessly scanning through the microscope.

He zaps John's brain, and with a jolt, John seems to remember backwards, as if some gas is protruding from his arms and legs, he looks up at the sky and notices the winds moving, feeling it go past his skin, he is thinking about the nature of blood clots at this point, which is transcribed into English through a translator that mimics a thought's muscle pattern.

"as to why we would want to remember this" says the commander

"the other patients are revealing a stream of thought, the computer deems this point to be credible to our search input" the other doctors look closely at their screens.

The search at this point designated for computers, control; and outcome, which had to go through quite a few quintillion simultaneous possibilities, allowing for us to pick at random.

It did not seem like the greatest choice, so we continue to whittle it down; and at this point it seems like we are just testing it, perhaps for the fun of it.

At this point we can start to see why the computer designated this point as important, because we can see through the synesthesia of John's mind, that while he is looking out into the distance, watching the clouds move, we actually start to see a complete visual distortion that takes place too, which is strange to watch happen in real time, over a screen.

"so the world is changing, as John sees, as John feels?"

"perhaps, and so as we can derive this memory, we can also recreate it for John, for him to experience again, which might be happening now; but by chance!"

A chemical synthesesia.. the commander thought it genius, he wonders how this could associate to that of the space station, in which the memories are recreated for those to experience, and for a moment, he thinks of himself.

“we will be there again” he says in a whisper.

Johns memory turns to fire, the doctors signals for a burn out, so they let him rest, somewhat turning him off for the moment, and so moving onto another patient who they can now use to remember graphic design.

As to why they aren't hiring a graphic designer is because they are not actually looking for graphic design, rather prodding the large machine for information build up.

Every little piece helps to contextualise they greater whole of the thinking model, and so besides looking for nuanced ideas, they also sought after more general thinking terms.

This means that however one arrives in this chamber is done so quantitatively; and generally the silenced populace, and perhaps challenging official figures who have thus been silenced. It would allow the government to run prediction models that can then be used to create grounds in which cityscapes are reduced to the same thinking stream; and so the logistics required to run the towns can be streamlined. Many of the aristocratic families of the day did not know what they were doing when they centralised money and created powers based on wealth; and now that it has been decentralised to a greater marketbase; and inherited by those who do not remember why it is created in the first place, we see how it distorts over time.

The challenged thinker, in this sense, can easily be identified due to an influx of money into their own life; and so the greater model can question why this has happened and how its process is being run; and so integrated into the whole in order to create stock that is designed to fail.

The whole city can go bankrupt in a night; and by the next morning it would exist upon a functional standard again, being replaced by an assimilating financial base. This is detrimental for the workers of targeted towns, and so these people fall into a depression; and now can be used as the experimental workforce, who do not know what they are working for, going towards anything that can sustain their narrow will to exist within a contextualised body.

This makes it so that when a transistor bursts, its replacement is quick to take its place. The tools are designed to be traded; and so among the staff we come to consider it a sort of “plug and play”.

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## Chapter 03

John remembers a time, he was eating a wagyu steak. Consciousness permits this memory because it reminds john of another day. Behind the steak, john can see the faces of analysis, pecking away at his brain. He keeps on seeing the floating colours.

“sometimes the attention can get a bit overwhelming” he says to the other that sits across from him, remembered to be a beautiful stallion.

“check, he is actually looking at the face of a horse..”

“maybe it is distorting because we are focusing on it”

“maybe..” john says out loud, as if misintended, which gives her a reason to look up.. she finishes her mouthful

“what was that?” starting another.

“I’m thinking of an idea for another book” he says

“oh you can never stop” she says with a smile “perhaps I can add as an interesting topic”

My muse never stops emanating from within, he is thinking.

He looks down again at the steak and takes another bite.

In order to emulate the sensation of eating, the machine vibrates consistently in the brain. To the observers, it looks like john is having an orgasm.

It feels for john that what sits in front of him is a liar; and besides acting as some form of purity that inspires his brain to fantastical confession, there is a darker force that is enacting his will to comfort, or pleasure.

The moment remembered was too good; and john, even in a sleeping state could seem to remember the bitter imprints of

the moment leading up to now, which enquired a breeding wait which is suspended over draining time.

As he looks across, he can start to see how his thoughts change to that of loneliness and sombre. He feels unattached from the moment and is now always driven to another, as they proceed to finish dinner, he is led back to sleep.

Looking back, would they be able to control john? Or would they rather be making him remember the quantity in its most summarised way, from all that which has been put together?

This would be speeding up the process, by inducing an experimental range of hormones into the subject, changing their base response to a memory, this would then guide them to the moment that they would have taken, taken over the tally of how many times they have experienced that very memory, which then changes based on the amount of times it happened, and what were their results, based on predetermined phrases, typed into the machine.

The doctors packed up for the day, although there is a nursing staff available.

I can't say for sure how this could all be kept under wraps, besides by saying that it felt normal at the time. It almost felt justified, what was happening.

The officers stayed in the operations room; but did not venture out to interact with any of the bodies. The commander maintained vigilant watch for lack of anything else to do.

The machine becomes redundant.



It wakes up again in the morning, after a brief moment at a coffee machine. It is set up on a table glued to the wall, or drilled and painted over, somehow placed and so unable to be moved. The machines wire extended over the counter, and then into a wall socket, and so this can be moved; but for lack of any other table, everyone tends to congregate there for lack of a better choice, it is placed by the door; and probably tallies for less than a percent of a percent of total expenditure; It is a lot, for a cup of coffee, every day.

The staff here would swap, new nurses coming in; and so a detailed explanation of how the patients have reacted over the past couple of hours, some nurses even perceiving the situation for the first time, however, being locked into a form of non-disclosure, and leverage upon their livelihood, a lot do not really seem to care about the patient like they do in other wards.

The doctors slowly start to ebb in, donning a general purpose uniform with the badge of the local hospital they are representing, in the *other wards*, at least.

in the operations room the only one that really sticks around any longer than they have to is the commander, who even takes up sleeping on a fold out chair sometimes. Some of the officers think he is infatuated with the project, or his job.. or perhaps the pride that permits him to believe in himself, or maybe something more.

Some of the guys there have been investigating a telescope that has been analysing areas close to the sun. there have been reports of a strange anomaly occurring there.

A similar heat pattern to that of the ones we use to analyse our subjects: nuclear.

“to think of the scale of that thing, in order to get picked by *that thing*” one of the officers says

“well, the telescope is actually pretty good, can pick up very small things” another says back, in a diffused sense.

It had to have been the size of a planet, yet at this point, showed no discernable gravitational difference. It seemed to be floating there.

“does it move?”

“I don’t know yet, we have only got the picture.”

A black dot, floating somewhere between us and the sun, causing a microscopic eclipse, none would be able to see too clearly.

“The disk itself spins, it is twisting us in”

“why are we not ripped apart?”

“perhaps we are *split* apart, actually”

We are together in the dormitory upon our bunks. The room is not very large, and is made out of a sort of plastic. The night shift are working, and so we are supposed to be sleeping; and sometimes sleep comes easy; but tonight there is a bristle in the hair, keeping its head up. There is incessant mechanical banging in the background.

“once they send all these pieces up, maybe I can get my pay check” it would seem that one of the workers is keen to leave, he is speaking in a whisper to that other guys who sits across from him. At any moment I could get up; but it would feel as though I would break the silence of such a moment; and besides, it feels dusty, hearing all of the wind against the

shutters. It would seem as though we are trained to not get up; and sometimes it would feel as though this is how we have all come to arrive at such a place as this. Did any of us actually know what we were doing? Or is it by some kind of chance that we have all wound up here?

The rumours about the lift off have proven themselves to be true, considering that over the past couple of weeks, we have actually managed to send objects into space. Megalithic objects, with precision flight paths, it would seem. I could see the beam of smoke in the air, and thought it an illusion to my own eyes how the smoke bends in all of its angles, until eventually the object itself disappears into thin air.

It just gets so small in the distance.

I wonder if anyone else can see this, it looks like a large smoke signal, long enough to be seen from the horizon; and the sound it makes; and the light it produced, we actually had to look away.

The material did not even require a launch pad, it just incinerated the dust; and the rock that was left acted as a point for its propulsion, which sounds like a waste of fuel, unless you are to see how fast it happened.

The staff get led off of the premises for a while, the whole building site actually moved for a bit while they sent some stuff up, perhaps initially testing if it was even possible; but now that we can see the smoke patterns on the ground, it seems as though we are now allowed to move a little bit closer, due to the lack of safety concerns.

As to the type of fuel they are using, I am not sure; but have seen reactions occurring between magnetic elements, and

wonder if this has anything to do with the building plans, although, the large fire and explosion would tell me they are probably using some kind of combustible oil.

Fischal arrives back from Main today, it was bright and sunny when he left, the sun seemed to have followed him as the plane flew over the ocean, although by the time he lands, it is quite dark. He looks at his watch while waiting in his seat. The hands point in three directions; but he doesn't really worry about the time, as much as he worries about something to do. He is altogether quite patient, however; and so inspecting the fine details of such a device, he loses touch for a moment, to be greeted again by the hostess who grants the next few rows permission to leave the aircraft. Fischal prefers economy class, he enjoys the waiting that it permits; and the freedom he feels having nothing better to do in those moments save for standing, watching, anticipating results; and in the airport everything always seems to be *on time*.

He has not been around his computer as of late, the one connected to the server. He feels somewhat disconnected, although still faithful in that he has not gotten any urgent newsletters upon his personal device.

He enjoys reading newsletters, to the outlets he is specifically subscribed to. They provide a perfect blend of illusiveness to his claim, and allows him to decipher what it is that could be possibly happening in the outside world, his world, that he has made outside. He chooses to prioritise what kind of work he gets done first upon his arrival, heading straight into the

office where he greets the receptionists; and then moves straight through to his downstairs office, for he has not had any recent patients as of late, he has scheduled this time for his business, away.

“nice to see you again” says the commander calmly  
“yes, hello, I am doing a quick pop in to see what I have missed” Fischal is somewhat ignorant of the commander and the general duties of the machine at this point, more interested in what kind of information he can find on his anonymous email account. To which he identifies a word from an architectural designer:

“Good day Doctor, today marks a celebratory day, for a lot of the refined plans are being made with good progress. We have managed to acquire lift off on the engineering side; and so many new possibilities concerning space and its travelling are becoming possible...” the messenger describes the state of technology being worked on in the commercial market space; but Fischal has quite a specific idea as to what *he* is thinking about, he is surprised that things are moving so smoothly at this point, without even having to be present at any of its happenings, he is content in knowing that all is going accordingly, and so he feels assured that the plan is not going to halt any time soon.

He has been in contact with the designer for quite some time, taking the abstract information acquired from John, and applying it in a team's environment from which each specialised subject can break it down as they best understand it.

In this sense, the architect; and the engineers are helping Fischal produce such plans for the station; but in their pieces they are being paid according to what it is that they understand; and with such a general amount of information, it seems harder for them to catch on, than it is for Fischal and the rest of team; but at this point, Fischal would be the only point of call; and so chooses to deal with such business anonymously, and although the email could be tracked to the point of the hospital, there seems to be a dead wave that clears the area at the point in which it arrives upon the thinking machines servers.

The architect and engineer are then able to converse over the nature of such a situation; and the potential futures they can imagine, but it seems to fly over their heads, considering that they have been having no conversations that can be considered incriminating as of late, the computer makes sure of it. And so what would be the point of paying the architect in the first place, when we could have just probed their brain through suggestion, and watched the results unfold? Well, money makes the world go around; and for me to receive money, it would have to be cleaned, such as with a Laundromat.

I don't need a Laundromat these days, I have a wife who tends to such things, making me quite complacent as of late; but I suppose I pride myself in the accessibility to which things can be done automatically, this becomes my job. My other job is then to keep up, and so I mention how I will be back again later, or tomorrow; and so I feel an obligation to see my wife, and child, again

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## Chapter 02

“wow, I can’t believe we are actually getting paid”.

It seemed as if this day would never come; but shortly after each piece had been systematically dispersed into space, the workers were called together in large swathes.

The general announcement indicates that there are buses that will be taking us to town, money that can then be taken directly as cash, or distributed into an account of your choice. The cash was then to be separated by the differing subjects, and their cultural locations, to which each country, or domain had their own line.

It seemed as though I was being led into a concentration camp, which reminded me of a cold night, in which I could not sleep; but I had gained my cheque, given to me in a briefcase; and there were many briefcases reserved for those who wanted the cash.

The next step was to align yourself with the buses, again, which becomes a bit more complicated, because instead of being led from the camp to the town, we are now being distributed from the town, back to where we all had come from. I arrived here through a contractor; although my pay was direct, the contractor made assurances that the transport was to be taken care of; and so after a long wait, and even some time in one of the makeshift hotels, I was

finally allocated a bus, which seemed to be the most silent bus I had seen coming through the area.

Many of the buses were taking workers in an almost desperate struggle; but as the area cleared out, it became quite a bit more peaceful.

The military presence had also calmed down, with a lot of the soldiers quickly packing things up into trucks and helicopters, leaving the scorched remains of hardened sand as the only set of evidence for anyone concerned to inquire as to what had occurred here.

It would take some time, for the larger machines to be deconstructed, although this was left to other teams, and there are so many teams now scattered all over the place, it looks like an ant nest has been broken by heavy rain.

I wondered to myself, how conspicuous it would look, arriving in ones hometown in a large migrant group of bag holders, travelling together so as not to lose everything that they have earned over this past year; but I do think that as each bus stops at a destination, there is a dissemination that takes places, which dissipates the workers over space like steam, as if none of us had even worked together in the first place.

My first point of call when I got to towns, was straight to a bank. I would have preferred the money to be kept somewhere safer, such as under a pillow; but I did not know exactly where to go as of yet, and felt it best that I should start my own account, putting all that I had earned right back into a place, where I thought I had nothing again.



It is only because I cannot see it; and looking at the exchange of this briefcase for this card astounds me; but the more I am using it, the more convenient it feels; and so I am required to think of a place to stay, which reminds me of home.

Although I have been used to the environmental condition provided at my place of work, it only seems natural for me now to continue, thinking that I can walk straight back to the contractors office and he will have another job of a similar order lined up for me, or perhaps a smaller project that has been taking place over the weeks; but there is also a sort of emptiness, in which I might not want to go back there just yet, for I have just been released of one contract, and besides working there for many years, I am unrequired to pitch in again after such a long time away.

Not away from the business itself, but the company in my hometown has been made somewhat indirect, working among a larger holding cell that then centralised all of those who existed in the encampment.

I sit upon the city streets, although looking out from the spark of candlelight, I sit at a table draped in a cloth, it is finely coloured. There is quaint music occurring in the background; and sometimes I feel it pinch my nerves ever so softly. It inclines me to drink further, for I am not sure what is to come...

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## Chapter 01

The commander has left the building. The surrounding staff has gone silent.

He has gone off the grid for them, although turned on at another location, he seems to be speaking to the leader of a private party. This party now occurring on yet a quieter scale, although quite large as to its collateral effects.

The information that has been built up over the past moment has somewhat found itself external to those who exist within its ranks; and there seems to be a whistleblowing phenomenon that is slowly growing too big too handle. Not all who enquire about the machine end up being quite like John, save for the coincidence of being in the right place at the right time, or wrong depending on how you wind up there. And so at a point in which it seems like the information is going to change things, it actually happens to exist at an opportune moment for the forces that govern, however many of those exist in response to such a situation. Even from 100km away, there had to have been someone, somewhere, with a phone, or camera that was able to document the lift off of such a thing from outside the gaze of the perimeter; and so we are now starting to see the effects of mass distribution of what looks to be some alien force, or some kind of meteor; and no one can explain how it seems to have travelled backwards.

The commander takes this as a call to enact a set of *well prepared* contingency plans, waiting for the day in which he could finally enact some form of his general authority, speaking to a derelict group of mercenaries, terrorists or any other type of warfaring group that maintained themselves based on religiosity and money.

At this point he was speaking to the leaders over money; and so the leaders speak their religious points to those who work under their legions of control, providing a sort of surveillance cell which has been attempting to route itself into as many major cities as it deems itself possible.

A new age for terrorism, he thinks to himself, as he now seeks to destroy the countries that he has been enforced to protect. Although “in the long run” he says to the small group, around the table “it will help us all”.

The year is 2045, the pieces are in space; a work force is being developed to coordinate construction there.. the moon is starting to be built upon.

It was coming to be the time in which the whole world was to be reset, so that its learning curve could be implemented on irreversible scales.

There is a reason why Fischal moved out of towns such a long time ago, partly because he never knew when this day would actually come, its preparation in affect for many years now...

It has been happening in towns for a while, where strategic locations have been used as warzones to experiment with the overdose of military technology; and its interlace with the media, which allows for a large portion of societies to

watch over an armchair. Battalions are constructed by the assortment of commanders that reside in each designated country. Many of the commanders do not maintain communication; but the ones who do, exist with armies that are some of the most well trained; and most well enforced, so much so, that the others have come to be considered cardboard cutouts, with already poisoned subjects drafted into a war effort to defend something they do not even believe in, save for their neck; and that of the ones they are born to protect. Their protection is then an enforced protocol that has been implemented through the education of what their families are supposed to represent; and many of the participants exist believing their family is quite small, and so the assets to be protected exist within smaller frames of reference.

The commanders can then sit and watch it like a game, although out of the armchair, they actually make decisions on when and how to use such armaments.

The armchair cities remain quiet as they have not yet experienced the opportunity of forceful expansion, or assimilation; and exist within a pacified marketing bubble, which then makes the money which is used to construct the bombs.

The bombs are then made on a large scale in a disconnected system, such as with the desert, in which nuclear factories are suspended and burn daylight in order to satiate for the endless flow of investment that the military police and its private sector are putting in to watch this flower grow.

Every tenth bomb that is made, one is circulated out; again and again, over an extended period of time; and then sold to those who we are fighting against; and so the commander has been sitting with one particular subject today, who has flown in, quite professionally, existing as a market leader in a terrorist cell altogether unknown.

Many of the wars have been fought on official grounds, with the terror squads being placed in between as a form of independent fighting, stirring the mix, not from either side; but rather from the middle; and so exist as a the perfect entity to enact the will of the anonymous capital god.

The cell is ironic, due to its morality being placed into a sort of communalism, in which the fighters are led to believe they are here to destroy the capital system; but how they destroy it is now by perpetuating its form, and using its shadow as a mask to funnel such expensive items for their own use; and so their own use has now been subverted by the commander of a time element, because it would seem as though the commanders themselves, in an ordered rank, over a whiskey or wine, sat together and discussed the plans to which these guerrilla fighters could even be made in the first place.

The invention of a side that has no sides, enacting a mindless will through the inception of money, the leaders of such a group provided with assurances that their claim can be made realised in the new world, considering the amount of space that can be redistributed.

How this leader was to get their space, was through disappearance. Not just disappearance of themselves; but disappearance of their cause, for after the commander

finishes their briefing, the scale and possibility of the situation becomes clear.

“we want you to load these bombs into every city on this list”

The commander hands over a parchment with printed letters on it, if you had to trace the writing, you would have to blame to computer companies for designing such a font.

This enables for many months of preparation, while the other wars go by, pushing each element out, piece by piece.

The guerrilla has established trade networks that work by foot in some areas; and in others he has planes.

Some of the men he has drafted walk the paths, collecting their surplus from dusty apartment offices in nowhere spaces, throughout the day, in the dead of night.

Many of the soldiers already exist migrated into certain areas of the world; and so the only thing that has to pass borders is the bomb.

These bombs have been distributed over space; but they can still be monitored; and those who monitor such ordeals exist sparsely disconnected; and watched for the most part, leaving the operations room to a closed off bunk, within a tightly locked military base.

They are watching the blips on the map; and every day they move; some of them are static, placed into strange or inconvenient places, such as in a drain, or on a wall. Placed in a roof, within hotels, or situated by parks. The only similarity is that each one is placed in as centralised a location as possible within the city space.

It would seem as though the borders and gates simply opened up for such a thing; but nobody would expect such a

large scale operation, with such small and powerful explosives, so many intricate ways in which a system can be bypassed, a Trojan horse; and no one even knew that it was there. The horse did not even need to be presented, the whole system itself is a by-product of its unwilling construction.

The commander leaves it to the guerrilla to do the dirty work, their plates are full at the moment, looking at the scale of movement that has picked up recently. The *media* states that the world looks like it is about to end, done so ironically, showing pictures of the devastation that prolonged war has had on the designated war towns. Buildings, and bodies; and interviews with an assortment of soldiers about how they are fighting for that which is presented to them on the day to day, at face value.

The guerrilla feels as though this is a calling for them, somewhat unable to see the nature of their work, through a rose tinted, narrow mindedness.

He dons a mask.

In a moment we notice how all media outlets turn off.

*The Media turns on.*

In the towns, each screen connected to an internet service is overwritten. This is in ALL towns, everywhere, which then summarises the whole of the global nation, that nobody knows about. What each character then sees is a face, covered by a garment. The words are clear, many languages are translated over their face, which changes as it speaks. The video itself is prerecorded; but the guerrilla sits close by, watching it live.

“it would seem as though we meet again, perhaps for the first time, perhaps for the last time; but in this sense I have arrived to tell you that there is no time, anymore.”

The guerrilla could have spoken for as long as he pleased; and nobody would have been able to switch off the broadcast; and nobody could have tracked such a broadcast, the broadcasting system itself has seemed to turn itself off; as if bypassed, and if hacked, whoever is watching would be able to see nothing more than an infinitesimal amount of IP addresses that would lead them to every location in the world.

The world has been brought to its knees, and even in the warzones, it seems like a sort of Christmas, with all of the groups huddled around devices like campfires.

This is the initiation of Year One-Fallout.

Every city, systematically decimated by the explosion of simultaneous nuclear devices. From its centre, everything is eviscerated, and so only its periphery remains.

The margins of existence, thrust out into a new world order, to be shuffled along again by a quick acting military force; and so very quickly, the guerrilla becomes a war hero; but nobody would ever have to know why, and his soldiers are now permitted to act on official business, coming to exist close by to the commander, no one would have ever thought that anyone would have actually done such a thing; but it was not one person who could ever actually do it, and so it seems as though the society has done it to themselves,



although with so much collateral,” how could the dead blame themselves?”

“besides by being thrust back into life again, my brain is aching” the commander is watching this ordeal from behind a computer screen, and close by is the guerrilla.. their faces are straight, for even such a disassociation as to not even feel the vibration of such an explosion, they are starting to feel a sort of looming despair that hangs over them..

“as to how this is possible” almost regretfully.

“and as to where we go now” the commander says back, although at this point they have to now enact plans, besides quick reaction forces that can now come and help the citizens on an official level, loading trains and trucks and planes and pushing the segregated groups off into their new colonies around the world.

*Their* plans, being anybody that is indirectly associable to the work, were to disappear, as quickly as possible; and then let their stocks increase in profit, for the internet itself had not turned off, rather being revealed as a centralised asset, with the money being a non-existent propellant of its idle cause. Another government was to reveal itself through the cull of a nation; and so out of the ash we can see the worms moving around, although not worms anymore, considering the cost at which business could go up, these things can now design their own human suits – and so the commander and guerrilla, who now exist somewhat damned, forced into a public reaction force, Fischal exists on a beach, somewhere...

His wife and kid run around, perhaps not even knowing about the state of events, for their phones have been off for a while now.. Fischal is holding a Pina Colada.

He would have access to such things because *logistics never stops; and so can only continue into more advanced forms.*

What Fishcal had just done however, among many of his decentralised compatriots, is realise that he is now unstoppably the most advanced, on a *human* scale; and if not by brains, then by brute force, and if not this, then by default, everyone else is dead.

Fischal likes to think like this occasionally, somewhat understanding that his phrases have been caught; and his enactment has been documented.

He does not know where he goes when he dies; but thinking back to John, he starts to hear a clanking metal echo from within his skull, he looks at his wife, and sees a horse.

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*interval*

## Chapter 00

To awaken; and be cast back into sleep again, for I find myself riding upon a ship downcast with the bitter light of the harsh sun, directly fanning within my visor beyond the endless vacuum of space and time.

I have come to be called a merchant, if not by myself, then by the general acquaintance of my fellow customers.

A merchant comes at the cost of identification, oddly enough, for I exist as a drifter among the stars between the span of the Station and the Moon, in which I sell my wares for nothing more than the faint noticing of a character beyond that of what we are currently experiencing.

Therefore, I transport suitcases to the Moon, upon a prison block which fills only a snippet of what potential that barren land scapes for itself. I arrive at the moment in which the sun aligns with the form of this figure upon the canvas and dock upon the entryway dubbed: "Visitors", I only exist there for a brief moment, however many times I tend to repeat this process. At the steppe, I am greeted by an assortment of familiar faces who hold no desire to inspect any of the merchandise that I hold, for even I, myself, do not know exactly what sits within the cradle of this wooden tabernacle in my grasp. These faces come to represent the guards of Entrance 0-1 at the Moon-Station Prison Centre, the only one of its kind, for reasons beyond my understanding. I am used to being witness to their stately blue apparel that is generally well kept in its ironings and tuckings, for I do not think these creatures have much else to entertain themselves with

within this space, for they sometimes seem to be prisoners themselves, in time to their general routine behaviours. Past the entrance I come to enter a grand reception hall that merely replicates open space in its brutalist design. I am generally greeted by a large open plan cube with a reception desk planted in the middle, and help desks situated to either side, leading into spanning corridors that snake into the deeper crevices of the labyrinth. My duty today is to walk straight on ahead, for I have no reasons to go anywhere besides to the chancellor who resides in the office upon the straightest of paths within the institution; and as I arrive at this office (for I only walk for a few moments past the managerial doors to my left and right) I am greeted by another guard centred between the door. This guard is within the division that apparently watches doors, I generally see the same face again within a fortnight. This entity recognises and indicates me inside, for I was surely being expected, and upon entry, I am greeted to a large glass room that opens up to a panopticon of cells situated in grand odalisque structure, which grants the chancellor overt access to any and all privacies subject to one within the system. There I spend a brief moment in my general awe within the space, for I have to enact this courtesy every time I repeat myself here, before eventually being greeted and inclined to take a seat, in which we converse over banal conversation, and thus, within five minutes or so (for it could have been a lifetime), I proceed to hand over the briefcase, to a general thank you and an assurance that I will receive compensation

(which I always do), only to be led out through the same door again and back to my ship.

This is the general process of the days, which sends me around the station to the different divisions, and sometimes even to the prison blocks, for it seems that there are certain prisoners here that are able to receive these packages, although this only happens very generally speaking; and only with a select few that I have come to know within the five minute intervals I get to spend looking at them, although I never get to see their face, only the number upon their shirt, for it is always covered by some garment, and if not, then the light is simply too bright for me to ever notice.

I have stopped focusing on it recently, for I am used to this job of mine, whatever it comes to be. At the end of this so called day, I take my earnings to the Station, which acts as a general port for long distance travellers (those Earth bound entities who hold an assortment of specialities), or the Guard who perch themselves upon their resting spots, working in bi-weekly routines. Then there is the Merchant such as myself, floating between the masses upholding my dutiful baggage deliveries, although it only ever seems to be one bag at a time, so unlike the rest of the populous crew, I come to hold a large amount of free time. I tend to see an assortment of ships move between the prison and the Station, for there are the engineers and builders hauling their stockpile to and fro, the doctors and medical staff, and the Guard duty changing shifts on their occasions. I do come to wonder what else all of these people get up to in the expanse of space, for there is an awful lot of it around us.

Anyways, it is at the Station in which I acquire goods, such as food, oxygen and water; my ship designs its own fuel, allowing it to travel virtually forever: such is the conditions of technological advancement; if only I could construct my own food and water, but I suppose this a design courtesy of the company that holds me. Although the Station offers an assortment of entertainment, I do prefer to complete my chores as quick as I can, and head back to the Ship, where I find myself floating through the endlessness of space once again; at least until the next call comes in for a delivery, in which I arrive at a designated delivery port to collect a suitcase and store it in a compartment on the ship. And thus, I am destined to repeat this cycle; for as long as I can remember. I am fairly content with this movement however, for I have the peace of mind that is instilled through the general social aspects of the prison and the Station; and the necessary requirements for my sustenance, which is not always pleasant, if you think too hard about it; but can come to taste like whatever you desire at that moment in time: such is the nature of fabricated food, which can only be done on the Station - not the Ship.

There is usually a moment that sparks curiosity within me at such a time as when the sun aligns with a megalithic object some distance away. This can only be seen at a fortnight, such is when the guard shifts become predictable, and beyond the distance of the known horizon spans a dark ball, as dark as the starless sky itself, thus its unknown attribution without the direct eclipse of the sun. Now to think that

within the span of a fortnight, the sun somehow manages to align with an object that is either constantly static, or moving at such a pace that its revolution spans that of two weeks; and in its static format it would then have to disappear and reappear at this time which only adds to the mystery of how this machine could operate. Although a machine of nature; for I can see no possibility; and have thus far heard no story of an explorer ever reaching this space and being able to tell the tale, besides its general mythology among the denizens of the prison and Station; but as I said, I do not delve too long, and only hear such tales through the grapevine, which describes alien figures and apocalyptic prophecies.

And then there is the Pirate Radio, although not illegal in any sense, for the rules of space dictate something fairly similar to that of international waters, in which each ship represents a new country entirely in its cultures and legalities (although to amass the wealth to exist upon the Station begets some form of legality). The Pirate Radio is a name given to the free source of chatter that emanates through the radio waves of time in space; and thus anyone with a projecting device, is able to emanate a frequency to be found by those that have chanced upon it; and thus in my boredom I move between one and the next, shifting the knobs upon my transmitter ever so slightly, for every millimetre could mean a new story; and thus I have, by chance, come across a consistent network that speaks of these very conspiracies, such as that of the Black Disk, they call it. And if I speak of the chance that it would take to find this repetition within the cosmos of space, I surely speak of a chance determined by a higher being,

essentially moving the pin for me. It is here where the majority of my imagination festers, for the immutable knowledge that seems to seep from the mouth of this believer can sometimes seem to be far-fetched; but there is something that strikes me such as the harmonious chord in an orchestra of sound. Thus, I lie in bed as I close the shutters in time with a universal clock (in the sense of alignment between the Station, prison, and Earth), and flow into the dream space of deep slumber.

My dreams have been plagued by the image of this illusive Black Disk, in which I am constantly reminded of the numbers 210 through the cacophony of colours and sounds directing me through the directionless space, for my ship has lost all control, and merely spin towards infinity, and I am cast along with it, within this suit of armour that seeks to protect me from the vacuum of space; but in time acts as a vacuum for my very skull, as a piece of my ship penetrates the glass visor and removes my brain from my head in one movement as I come to open my eyes with dense excitement, for I have never felt anything so surreal before this moment. Generally the dreams come to represent this or that; but to feel the movement of my body in space, and the split second in which I lose consciousness is to be pushed to an awakening that calls out at the beeping of my watch, telling me that I have another order to deliver today.

And thus, after collection, I make my way to this prison, and greet the general staff at the gate (which tells me we are at the beginning of a new fortnight, for the guard is now different). Today I am lead up an elevator to the top floor,



and to my right, which takes me around the bend in a this or that way where I am lead to visitation rooms. This is generally where I do my dealings with the prisoners. And thus, lead through the door, clad in orange comes to be prisoner 210, which rings strangely familiar within me as the guards plant them upon the table, face covered besides the eyes. We stare off into one another for a moment, a blank moment, in which I am at a loss for what to say exactly, thus they start before me: "hello doctor," in a reminiscent voice "for today is the day that I am tasked to see you again". I can imagine that these prisoners are in constant communication with some form of doctor, as you can witness the medical ships moving back and forth on a routine basis.

"Good day, 210. I would say something, but I cannot recall our last encounter, for I am within my own wanderings at this moment, and seek only to continue with sought after business, for you have summoned me here today for this delivery". I am sometimes apprehensive to converse with strangers.

"I felt the impulse to acquire your presence for I too seem to be wondering, for I have come across vivid dreams as of late, calling out to my freedom, which I call to be impossible within these walls of surveillance".

"And you have called upon me as the entity you wish to share common ground with, although I haven't a fathom of a thought as to what you stand for?"

"Perhaps you understand me better than most in this most undesirable place, for I am either thrust into the generality of my counterparts: these Doctors who seek nothing more than

their time within the visitation centre; or these Guards who seek to direct me no further than my prison cell, and lack the time to hold any focused thought with anyone but themselves..." 210 stammers, "...but you see, I come to receive the probing questionings from Prisoners too; and I am sure you also contemplate the movements of a place such as this, with their wide halls and open windows, in which I am granted no peace of mind to be myself besides in the dreams that attest to something more, for I have been here so, that I do not even remember why I am here in the first place; and seem only to represent the figure of what is placed under the boot".

"I feel no sense of relevancy towards you, 210," I say clearly, "for you and I are different in the sense that you are there, and I am here..." At this moment I take a brief pause, for I start to think about the moments which I reside within, and attempt to draw correlation between this prison cell, and my own: "although, now that I think twice, I can see no difference between being within these walls and outside of them, for I suppose we do come to be relatable in a sense, although I would not compare myself to you, for I am not in your position".

"And thus there is no point for comparison?" Asks 210.

"Well, how can I compare myself to that which I do not know?"

"I suppose you cannot; perhaps you cannot compare for we are no different; and if we are to be, in some strange sense, connected, then I have felt it in dreams: the only thing that reminds me of myself in this recent occurrence is anything

but myself, and this fortnight calls out stronger than its usual sense. I can feel that something is calling". As 210 states these words, I feel strange at the relation of it, for we all have dreams; but why is it that I feel these dreams hold similar connotation, and why is it that I have decided to perch myself here for reasons besides that of the briefcase.

"I suppose I feel a calling of similar magnitude," I say in a murmur, for I feel as though I am thrust into this mindset because of the very prisoner, and thus am being coerced in someway, and I feel as though if I ask more questions, I will be deceived.

"this is the mindset of the hierarchy" 210 states quite sharply, stopping me in my thoughts, "for I feel as though there is something that wants us to play these parts; and I can tell no difference anymore between one and the next, although, I am only allowed to perceive the relations between myself, the prisoners, doctors and guards; and as for you, you are free to see the populace beyond this place, and I desire this greatly, for then I may find answers to myself"

"I feel that these answers may strike short, for in my general comings and goings, I have not noticed much of a difference between this place and the next, only that I am slowly wanting to be rid of these constraints..."

"But what are the constraints, doctor?" 210 seems to call me doctor for lack of a better title; but to think of myself as such, it would almost seem as though 210 has become the doctor, in which I am looking at them in an attempt to gain insight into myself, although it all seems backwards, for 210 is asking

me for guidance, and thus I am confused as to who is who anymore.

“The constraints of my being, I would describe it as an identity; but it is almost as though I lack such, and am thus thrust into repetition, and I cannot remember for how long it has been now...” the words sound strikingly similar as they leave my lips, barring the tonality of the voice. My face becomes more solemn than it already is: “...210, what you are saying is of deep interest to me, for we are seeming to perceive something of quite a similar nature (I would like to believe), but from different points of input, for you are the prisoner, and I am apparently not; but I could almost say that you are the one providing me with insight upon myself, besides me not wanting to exist within your predicament”. These words sounds strange and curt, although 210 seemed to be receptive to its response:

“well, doctor, perhaps as much as I do not want to be here, I am content in knowing that I am not you, besides the potential you have to claim anything as your own: I am fearful to speak further, for I believe that you will take this moment and produce from it something magnificent that snuffs me out from all recognition, besides my inception of it, for I am the one who experiences; and you are merely the one who documents”, and I could feel at this point that 210 felt the deception in my eyes, for it seems only obvious that we are not to trust the prisoners, and thus continue with the exchange of the bag in which we then leave at a moments notice; but there is still something that bores into my brain, moreso than this strange distrust I feel for a seemingly

corrupt entity, almost as if I am compelled to believe, beyond reason, that this entity holds for me truth beyond truth, and thus it is said:

“210, I dream of the Black Disk; I dream of this number and occurrence and thus ask for your sincere advice on how to get out of this cycle.” This is sputtered with a desperate tone, yet hushed, for I feel a shift in character, in which the light of 210 shines brightly in contrast with the dim surrounding walls, which seem to have grown ears.

“Doctor, I have never left this place, save for through you in this moment, and for what it is worth, I shall state the obvious, for I have seen this Disk aligned within the sun; and thus am called to the only possibility of finding it be straight towards your doom...” 210 stops, for even they seem to identify madness: “...you must fly into the sun, and save us all!” It is with this final sentence that my breath shortens, for I have known this all along, and only required the affirmation of another to guide me towards its realisation; and thus I push over the briefcase and request no credits, for the conversation bid me more than any credit could ever achieve, and on my thanks, I bid farewell.

## Chapter 01

I come to gather my belongings, this was not all too difficult, for it is all essentially packed into the neat and modular ship, which, although not too large, allows for the comfortable living of one entity, in which I have ample space that fills itself with a bed, attached to the floor, with compartments that swing out towards the bottom. A table then fitted into the wall, so as to encapsulate the light of the lamp that bends over my general workspace, covered in an assortment of papers and pens used for no specific purposes.

Here we find that there are more compartments that slide into the walls, in which I usually stock more pens. It is also upon this table, in the far corner, where I lay the device used to access the assortment of channels provided by the Pirate Radio frequencies across the span of space. Besides this I keep my desk fairly empty, for I have not come to collect many assorted objects through my journeys between the Stations: on a general note, there is not many bits and bobs that you come across in the parts, for I suppose the areas that I have access to are cleaned regularly to upkeep the metallic aesthetic of the Station design.

There is a bathroom with a singular shower, basin and toilet, which comes to represent a large air dryer, for the water can be a luxury to use in such large amounts; and as for the toilet, we are required to be careful when we flush, for the vacuum of space can suck even a person through a pinprick. As for the details of toilet paper, well... this can be acknowledged and explained with esoteric euphemism, in

which we come to find a way. Which actually reminds me of my paper storage that I come to hold, although too rough of a texture to use for anything else besides writing, I come to hold a massive amount of this stored object, which was presented to me when I had first acquired this ship (which comes to me passed down through the generations of the Merchant industry: the design, at least).

So there is no telling what else could remain in that storeroom, or for how long its supplies could last one person, considering that we use it sparingly. The kitchen stands as an open plan design across the opposite end of my bed, and thus at the back of the ship, towards the thrusters, which ironically keeps the fridge cold; and it is here in which I store non-perishable ration packs, for I cannot make any organic food on this structure, which does tend to frustrate me sometimes, for I find it would give me something to do. It is also here where I keep many cans of water that can range to up to over 100 litres at times, which gets stored in a pressurised compartment that connects to the appliances around the ship. Generally, I am only using the tap. Although the shower does still store water; it does not filter it in any sense, however, so I suppose I could use the electrical stove in the kitchen set if push comes to shove; but I prefer to stay on the safe side, for I have never had a malfunction before; but it would be only because of Murphy (whoever they are) that I would stand to experience this at the worst of times.

So there I have the general description of an everyday *flat*, or so I have heard; and thus it sounds as comfy as one could

want, considering it is provided free of charge, with no other conditions that I have come to notice as of yet.

Above all of this, connected through a small hatch, comes to be a fully glass seating area in which my flight console is situated, with an intricate set of flashing buttons and gyroscopes, or something such as that, for all I seem to simplify it to is the thrust panel, which travels backwards and forwards, with the middle acting as neutral; a flight stick, with 360 degree automatic handling; and an autopilot, so I do not even have to worry about this for the most part, I simply set a direction and move, which eases the process of flying. I am essentially a passenger on a moving hotel; and I set the destination.

There is an assortment of tools and objects, situated in the store room, such as a vacuum-suit, suited for out of craft repair; and a simple repair kit, consisting of nuts and bolts, wrenches, and other doo dads that one could imagine (the tools can become quite complex). Oxygen supplies, which come to last significantly longer the smaller your ship becomes; and general oddities such as clothes, and lights, and spare parts in boxes too.

As I come to finish taking stock of what materials I do hold for this venture, I am off to the Station one last time in order to fill up on as much food, water and oxygen this ship can carry, for I do not think I will be able to acquire this material once I have passed through the horizon, which comes to represent the end point of what is considered “humanly relevant”; and the beginning of the endless unknown, which holds the Black Disk at its own horizon; and then the Sun.



As I glide towards the large entrance hall: a spanning flight deck whisked with colours of greens and reds, describing entrances and exits of this Station structure, I am greeted by a general hail across the radio, although we do not generally need to answer unless directly addressed, for it acts more as a courtesy, in which the message sounds strangely automated; for I wonder sometimes if there are even attendants at the control desks.

The general atmosphere of the Station is a greatly relaxing experience, for the only people that come and go are either the Guard, or the general attendants of the prison or Station itself. There cannot be more than a couple thousand occupants at one moment in time, spanning from the children in the education blocks, to the elders of research labs. The general working structures seem to work off of an age hierarchy, in which each demographic exists within certain prescribed areas.

There is a general space in which the majority of amenities exist, ranging from shops to restaurants and an assortment of sitting areas connected to hallways that direct the entity around the Station. there is a freedom of access around the Station; but each entity is usually content in their living space, or so I would assume, for the place has not imploded within its own politics as of yet.

I make my way to the general purpose store, which comes to be the largest of the conveniences around the Station. Within this space there is anything your mind could think of for sale, ranging from the fabricated food, to the hydroponic vegetables; imported alcohols from Earth, and a range of

materials for ships. You can find silks and cloth for shoes and shirts, with ready made items available in similar sections. Water and oxygen are provided (sold for ships, yet freely provided within the Station itself, for there are production systems for any necessity you could think of). The Station is a self-sufficient structure, as long as there is the staff to manage the systems and processes. I come to look around at the bits and pieces within this warehouse, distracting myself from my main goals; but eventually coming around to acquiring what goods I need (after a few circles, for I sometimes get lost in its sheer amount).

After this collection I make my way back to the ship, moving swiftly past the restaurants and bars, taking in the general atmosphere of clanking metal and chitter chatter. It is here where I sit within the cockpit for a brief moment, staring off into the large hallways that are so familiar to me, although I spend most of my time in the ship, I have come to see the Station (and the prison) as somewhat of a home, and it feels strange in my departure, for I never thought that I would actually hold myself so close to these structures, for now that I might not see them again, I come to feel remiss at all of the time I had spent here, hoping that I might appreciate more upon my return; but then it is this journey itself that makes me appreciative, and if I was not to leave, then I never might have noticed this sullen strangeness that I felt in these final fleeting moments, as I engage my thrusters and slowly ebb out into the black abyss of Space, greeted by the mechanical voice, wishing me farewell.

## Chapter 02

I am thus greeted by a new voice, as I come to approach the edge of known space. It has been at least 72 hours of consistent autopilot, in which I have tuned in and out of the Pirate Radio to motivate my escape from redundancy; however, I have already experienced a breaking moment, in which after the first day cycle, I started to receive baggage delivery claims; and each hour after I ignored the first request, I receive more and more pressing signals, which cannot be turned off (we could say this is a design flaw); but I started to interpret this as the moral game, calling me back to what I was moving away from, for at each call, I started to doubt myself ever more, until it stopped; and just as quick as it started, the ship fell into silence, which eventually made me wish to hear this noise once more, for now I was left with my thoughts, and the disillusion festered moreso; and thus, I move onto Pirate Radio, jumping around between the frequencies until now, in which I receive a forced hail from the Station, calling to ask if I am in need of assistance, for I have travelled out of the routine flying vicinity, to which I state that all is well and that I no longer request communication with the vessel, for I am casting myself out into space.

I can imagine the confusion that must ensue within the mind of the negotiator, for after a long while of distant persuasion tactics, I am finally left to my own devices, stating that the

communication will cut after at least a two week cycle, for I will be nearing the Horizon at that point, which seems close; but I suppose my ship travels at nominal rates, and thus, according to pseudo-physics, the projection of the suns rays will be too powerful in its current, thus pushing all frequency signals backwards towards Earth, yet unable to ever travel forwards towards the Sun. Which is a funny trick in our universe, for it has been documented, and thus follows as myth within certain belief, that the Earth and the Sun come to represent two polarities within the universe system (barring all of the other planets and stars); in this space the Sun projects frequency that originates from chaotic energy, uncontrolled expressive power which then comes to dissipate over the vast expanse of Space until it eventually orders itself, which comes to represent the distance that Earth holds from the Sun.

And thus, in its orderly construct, the Earth comes to create for itself its own frequency, due to its sheer size, however incomparable to that of the Sun, for the Earth exists as a shadow of its projected self. Therefore, the Earth and Sun replicate order and chaos in frequencies spanning the spectrum of their polarity; and we as the inhabitants of the ordered Earth have come to disorganise and reorganise ourselves within our own frequential levels, thus implying that this Pirate Radio comes to be more than mechanical technology, for we were able to organically communicate ideas from the inception of our being, and thus we come to arrive at the time in which technology had indeed started to shape our world; and the invention of ideology required new

symbolic reinforcement, in which decentralised political systems around the world came to create a Globalised Government; and in its glory and sanctification of Order, have come to advance together into the reaches of space and build the largest surveillance and control system the world had ever seen: the Moon-Station Prison Centre (if only they had collectively arranged a less pragmatic name).

And thus the balance between order and chaos is found to be showcased in the control and surveillance of these specified selections of prisoners, and the construction of the Guard upon the Station, which comes to encapsulate the generality of ordered human behaviour: Shopping, Security, Surveillance, in which all life is maintained through these predictable outcomes. Not to say that this completely prevented all wars on Earth, for some people simply enjoyed fighting; but there was an allocated space for it, which defused the whole spontaneous aspect of war.

Therefore, we see certain places bombarded with testament, whereas others exist in high culture; and the lower orders of society are subjugated into countries which produce raw materials and exist for hard labour (in which the subjects are not even aware of their subjugation, for they are born and raised into it).

Therefore, Earth, such as with the Station, is perfectly ordered into its most mechanically efficient hierarchy, and thus all of humanity exist within the Utopia, or so it is called by this one guy who existed a while ago. However the name is soldered into my subconscious, for surely I have read about them before..? Although, as I sit and listen to it upon the

radio, I feel a queasy sense that all is not so perfect in this world; and thus I am here, running away from it all, for what other choice do I have?

I have come to reach the point of no return, in which my general calculations have decided that I am passed the point of communication, for all radio signals have spiralled into static, save for one, being the enigmatic voice of the Black Disk. I have come to realise this, for it must mean that this signal is the only interpretable signal beyond the Horizon.

It must be travelling backwards, and in this realisation I have come to see that I am not the only one that has engaged upon this journey; and the entity that has so inspired me is themselves out upon the oasis of infinity. I come to believe that I have been somehow coerced by this charismatic individual, and am thus too far gone to turn around for that matter. Although I have been travelling for weeks, and it is not to say that I have not felt the clutches of boredom stretched upon the timespan of my mind, for I am losing my sense of it already.

This time entity, I come to converse with myself, seems to exist forever in this vacuum I find myself to be in, for I have nothing else to do in these moments besides wonder about this voice, who holds for me the only sense of humanity I have left. For I feel ever so alone as of late. I come to reflect upon the brief moments I spend with the Guard, or prisoners; and even the cashiers of the grand store upon the Station. I cannot recall the way any of it looks anymore, or

feels, for I am existent within reminiscence; and thus think of all the moments in a beautiful tinting of its former self.

I am constantly to remind myself that I choose to be here, and that I make this choice for I am seeking the freedom to search for something more, although I do not think I will find anything out here in this black space. I look out from the thick window upon the expanse of space becoming the mind, for the colours of my eyes create figures in the distance; I am too far away from anything to see, although the stars come to shine brightest when the sun is blot with the ink of the Black Disk, which comes to remind me again over the fortnight as to why I have chosen this.

It is a pity it happens only ever so often, although it provides for me a concept of how long I have been travelling, when I am able to see it in the distance; and it provides me with the destination, which is bittersweet, for it never seems to get closer. I stare at myself sometimes in these windows, and am thus called to say a general "Good day" here and there as I proceed to ponder to myself aloud. Occasionally I use the papers and pens to write, which makes me grateful that I have so much of it, although I wonder why it was placed here in the first place, for in all my travels delivering baggage, I had come not to use even a fraction of what I have currently been exercising. The pirate radio churns in the background, for I keep it on at all times, although I am starting to notice now how many moments throughout the day it comes to not hold any information, for whoever is relaying the signal surely is required to take breaks too; but they keep their consistency as I tend to receive frequencies at regular

intervals, for I am starting to keep count as of late, through the ticking of the empty signals, beating at a regular interval. It would drive me crazy; but it is helping me keep track of things too. I occasionally attempt to send signals forward with the hopes that I can communicate with this preacher; but I cannot tell if they receive the notices or not, or whether they even care to send anything back. Things are not what they seem out in this space, for I have been noticing strange anomalies and come to dream upon ever encroaching doom, calling back to the dream that awoken this sense of adventure; but chilling at the realisation that these events might come true, for night after night I see the ship breaking into pieces, or the food running thin, besides my most avid of rationing.

The water turns black as I touch it and bleeds out of my mouth poison that infects the oxygen around me. There is a sense of paranoia that calls out from this voice upon the mantelpiece, for as I listen to it within waking hours it becomes ever more doom filled in its hopelessness. It never calls out to anything besides itself, and it plays in my mind for I can never see anyone besides myself; and this other that exists in my head. I have witnessed the fortnightly Black Disk occur time after time, for at least its fifth time as my tallies indicate to me. I am fearful for food runs thin; and my blood turns thin such as water, causing red noses pouring occasionally, everything is heating up around me, or so it all feels, for I wish that I could tell myself what is happening. There is a sickness inside of me; and I come to call out upon



the radio with the knowledge that I will not be heard anymore, for all I require is the sound of my own voice. It is here in which I ramble on about my current predicament, and how I have come to risk myself in search of this Black Disk, for there is nothing more that could ever occur in ones life besides the repeating of the routines that they set for themselves, and I am too locked into the cycle of it, for I thought that I could escape it at first; but what I was searching for is exactly what I have found in its absence.

I come to look upon the stars and contemplate the distance between my eyes and the windows, wondering where I will end up in the next moment, and the next; but walking back and forth through the pacing of the bridge, singing melodramatic songs at the highest decibel my voice could actualise, for there is no one here save me, screamed into the radio: "...and I suppose I might as well come to enjoy it, for I can never get anything else; I am not allowed to!"

I sometimes wonder who prevents me from doing things, or if this life has naturally presupposed me into existence at some time in order to conceptualise its Being; but I can never come to explain myself in its finitude, for what I am explaining essentially comes to explain the boredom of trance-like conditioning, in which I apologise to myself forever, existing through what I am most shameful of, being this entity in all of its most honourable pride.

The ego interprets these strange substances as emotion, and describes it to me through the raising of my blood pressure as I pound my fist against the wall and sit upon the cockpit

chair (which is quite comfortable) looking out upon the stars, again, for what more can I do in this space:

"I am literally locked into this cell and am forced to float into space endlessly now, for my food supplies are coming to run too short to fly back, I can only hope that the Black Disk increases in its size exponentially within the fortnight" I mumble into my radio receiver for lack of anything better to do. "Here is a ball, and I drop it on the floor; except I do not have a ball, I forgot to get one before I left". I have come to explore the store room in its banality; although the space suit has come to entertain me as of late for I have been floating around my ship, tethered to its side, drifting for infinite time upon the stretched material, assuming that it is strong enough to hold me within perpetual motion.

I am now laughing occasionally, for I sometimes experience a strange sense of calm in knowing that I am going to die out here. It is here in which I suppose I have come to realise what it is that I was searching for: nothing at all, for I so desperately desired change; but in realising the consistency of it all I have come to accept myself in its repetition.

I talk calmly upon the radio to myself, writing and recording what I have come to experience in the hope that I do not get forgotten; but even this eventually comes to hold no purpose for me. And as I come to finish the last of my rations all I come to exist as is this sitting entity, upon the chair within the cockpit, staring out into the expanse of space with wonder. The Black Disk is not getting any closer; but my mind is at peace, at least for a brief moment until the hunger pains ensue, although I now start to fill the hole with what water I

have left, it has no real effect. I have a few bottles that I use to contain my piss, when I require it, for the water too has run dry, although I consciously made this decision due to my hunger; my sitting has turned to writhing and I cannot handle it anymore, but eventually I cannot even punch the wall, for my lethargy has increased tenfold. "The time is going by," I come to tell myself again and again, "and I should have just put myself into the vacuum".

But I cannot come to end it, for I have not come to truly accept this death, and this calm now seems to have been a facade, for what I am truly to come to terms with is this Death of myself. The Black Disk draws closer as my eyes slowly shut, and in this moment I come to count sheep: "5.. 4.. 3.." And in a feint whisper.. "2..1..0"

## Chapter 03

How many of myself have been here before in order to allow me to live.? For my eyes awaken again at the cold sweat upon my brow.

I am within the complex interworking of a grand odalisque structure, in which I can only see one large glass building in front of me, my shirt stained orange with strange dye; I cannot remember myself, for a brief moment before I lay dormant upon the flooring of metal, and now I am upon the bedsheet. There comes to be a ringing bell in my mind, and my door swings open, to which I slink outwardly and am greeted by large lines of orange, moving down hallways upon multiple levels of concrete structure. I am probed to follow the general walking direction, for the halls are only thick enough for about 2 large entities at a time.

Here I reside in an eating hall, in which I have general conversation with the cook, who plants a large serving of gelatinous material onto a plastic plate. It would seem that the general audience around me is complacent in their actions, and at the gesture of a hello towards another, I find myself coldly rejected. Although, we only sit at arms length apart, each one of us, filling a cramped eating hall.

It is now when I come to greet this doctor of mine, who apparently wants to know all about me, although I cannot even tell who I am myself. I start to piece together that this is exactly what they want, for who really sits across from one another without any of an idea of who they are? What they

stand for... how they should react, for I am a blank character, there is nothing here and thus, in a sense, I have been designed to fill space; but the doctor sees more than this: "for surely there is a reason all things come to exist, we are only required to realise it." they say in a monotone voice. "Yes, but I suppose at this point in time, I could come to realise anything, which makes me even more anxious than I already am, for I can speak! I am contextualised here, yet blank, and thus it seems as though I am the perfect candidate for your blasphemy".

"Now, I would be careful as to the word blasphemy, number 01, for it comes to carry negative, sacrilegious connotation; and what we are attempting to understand here is the absence of connotation at all: the absence of morality, in its most moral sense, for you are the one who feels; but what exactly do you feel?" The doctor makes it seem as though this is for the benefit of us all; but I cannot tell for how long I have been here for, and in my loss of patience I come to lash out:

"I want to get out! I require explanations before I can explain anything myself; but how am I to believe you if you are the one who seems to have created this environment to study from!?"

"Well, we have only identified this environment.." The doctor states calmly "...and you may not believe me, but we have come to find you in such a state, in which we bring you back, from somewhere... and if only we could find out where this somewhere is.. " it is at this point in which I realise I am not speaking to a doctor, I cannot identify any doctor aspect to

this entity, for I was only born a moment ago; and this whole reference to doctor itself strikes within a chord that irks the fibres of my Being.

I do not know where we are anymore and thus I would like, so badly, to be woken up, as if I was in a dream; but it never seems to happen, as we come to stare at each other in a general silence. The doctor concludes the session by handing me a briefcase, they state that this time I am not required to pay credits (although I have apparently done this regularly in the past); and simply states that I am required to give the case to the guard upon my exit.

“...and if I keep it.?” I ask in a derisive tone

“Well then I suppose you have made your choice.”

However, I feel a catch here, for I am apparently a prisoner, for I am coated orange; and to hold such contraband that I am unable to hide (in any sense, for it is too large) comes to be easily taken away from me. Whether the guard will do it or not is a challenge I could set for myself, or rather to let a prisoner snatch it from me, for what lies within the bag could be anything, everything!

“I wish you good day, 01, and see you again” the doctor concludes as they leave me in their office. Although, I suppose this is not an office, moreso, a limbotic space dubbed “Visitation”.

I suppose I could sit here for as long as I like; but as I think this, the lights turn dark, suggestively pushing me towards the door in which the guard is perched at attention upon my openings: it does not react to the bag. I thus continue walking, for I apparently create my own choices in this place,

and would greatly like to identify what is inside of this weighty object (the guard does not object).

Thus, I am led straight to my cell where I come to place the bag upon the bed and with a smooth “click” I find myself lost; but only for a moment in which I stare at the unopened object with Schrödingers’ wanderlust attitude. I then come to perch my head up and look directly into the glass tower from within the external wall of this panopticon and question myself for the decisions I have made; however, having come too far, once again, I follow through and open the briefcase, to my surprise: There is; nothing is there.

although I feel disappointment at the decision I have made, for it seems that I have fallen straight into the clutches of desire; and for what? Was I expecting some kind of an escape tool, or a weapon to use against my fellow prisoners?

I come to sit for a while in this cell, as the lights turn off; but this time edging me to my slumber, in which I can only assume everything stays the same after I wake. For it is told to me from the shadows, that I can come to be anything in this place designed to break me into nothing. And once we exist within the expanse of meaningless infinity, we can come to populate it with such wondrous ecstasy; and thus the bag fills with flowers that grow over the instance of time, money pours out through the soil; and then water fills my room, drowning me into awareness, for the lights shimmer on as if not a moment ago they were black as night.

I stammer out of the room, this time with the bag at my side, as if I could be a target for these people now; but nobody ever seems to do anything, as we make our way about the

dining hall. Not that I have said this before; but the strangeness of this place is dawning upon me, for the faces of each entity is covered with a garment, revealing the eyes and mouth, as if bound; but free to move.

Nobody really talks, and my next attempt at conversation has sparked the general murmur of a stranger, who then falls back into silence, preoccupied with the meal. I suppose eating time is designed to be focused on, for how else can one enjoy their food? The bag is still at my side; and it is at this time, when the bell rings that I was sent to the doctor the moment before. Although something new happens, and I am led forward into a space, and as we move into the room, a large babbling of sound can be heard, growing louder and louder as I move towards the light beyond the corridor; and it is here in which I am shown the social chamber, or the yard. It dawns on me now, that as I look upon the structure of the Yard, I am witness to seven grand stories filled with cells and prisoners. The expanse of the yard stretches over a large portion of space, which is cut with the clearest material, glass like; but so clean that one can clearly see through the entirety of the yard as if there is nothing more than open space, but now there are prisoners that inhabit each floor, designed exactly as to what we are currently existing within. It is here where I find myself at the bottom of these stories, for I cannot look down, the ground becomes matte. It is here in which people become much more social as to their experiences, and within a brief conversation with one entity, I have already had the general run down explained to me (for prisoners forget, and this is apparently not



uncommon). There comes to be Guard which exists and is mobilised from a Station beyond the prison. We are indeed in a prison and are thus coming to atone for actions that we have committed against this grand entity; and each prisoner is seemingly the same, save for their number.

We cannot see the faces of each other and have no inclination to, for each prisoner has not earned the privilege (although it seems as though nobody ever has; but people forget, so no one is sure).

Some people have heard stories of those who have taken off the garment, and it holds no effect; but as we come in to contact with one another, or even reflections, we come to dissipate. Literally spontaneously combust; and nobody can understand why, although it has not happened in a long occasion.

"You will notice that the cells are matte..." states prisoners 11 "... therefore the Guards are kind enough to allow us to take off the masks when we sleep".

"Although I question why we should be allowed to take anything off in the first place, surely we should walk as the Guard does.?" States another prisoner.

"Well, it would be for our safety, for if we gain the identification of our faces, then we will cease to exist. I feel as though it links to the studies the doctors do"

"And what do the doctors do?" I ask, for I had my first enquiry with them the moment before "...and I still hold this bag that was given to me; and nobody has said anything about it"

“Well, the bag is given to us all at in its own time, and you just choose to do with it what you will, it seems to be a part of their studies too; but as to what they are studying: I can only come to think of the processes of the mind, hence we come to forget and remember certain things here and there; and I have been able to remember for at least 5 day cycles now. From what I can tell you, it is generally the same: every seventh day cycle we incur an audience with the doctor, and I suppose they choose to give you a bag or not, for I never got a bag; and neither have many of the others around here. It might be a responsibility check for you, as far as I can tell, none of us have come to forget anything over this past little while save for you, number 01”

“A responsibility check?” I ask, “I would ask what this means if any of us can actually tell.. who has been able to remember for the longest here?”

“Well.. I have been awake for about 3 day cycles” a voice commits

“For me, at least 7, although I don’t count” stumbles another.

“14 here” states a voice “I have come to find it stranger and stranger as the days go on”

“27 days for me” the crowd sits in silence, for each person has stated their remembrance cycles, and thus 27 comes to be longest. “Ok.. 1; 3; 5; 7; 14 and 27..” I state “..well, it could be a strange pattern; but I suppose we would have to ask every prisoner here to acquire a quantitative summary, but for now I come to ask you: what has it been like here for 27 day cycles.?”

## Chapter 04

“Well..” The prisoner starts off, “...let me start by saying that we can all generally agree that we have remembered the consecutive number of days that we have been here for, and thus I can recall my arrival, 27 day cycles ago; although, the days, as we call them, become hard to count, for the timespan we talk of is within routines set forth by this system we reside within.”

“Routines.?” I ask, interrupting in my curiosity.

“Yes.. through these routines I find myself increasing in what is referred to as rank, being my number; and these occur after two sessions with the doctor which occurs once in a ‘fortnight’. These fortnights are aligned with the occurrence of the Black Disk, so I have heard by other more senior prisoners (which I am rising to, have you). And thus, through the process of a fortnight, which comes to be two cycles of appointments, we come to increase to a in rank and by number 30, we ascend to another floor, and it is here in which we are eventually released, or so I would like to think, for who knows exactly what happens in the rooms above us; but on the first floor, a new number 01 appears.” Prisoner 27 breaks for a moment: “the day cycles are more confusing, as we are referring to our numbers as day cycles, but it would be more accurate to refer to the repetition of the cell as a day cycle. When our lights switch on, to eat; and switch off to sleep; this seems to be connected to a large clock which is

then regulated outside of this prison, which I assume is what the external world aligns themselves to (for we had to have come from somewhere). And it is here in which we experience 14 day cycles before we increase rank; and 7 between each visitation session.”

“So..” I pause in calculation “when you say you have been here for 27 day cycles, you are really implying that you have been here for..”

“27 fortnights, 54 visitation cycles: 378 day cycles”. The face of Prisoner 27 is stern and it seems as though their gaze has drawn off behind me.

“Well why did we refer to them as day cycles in the first place?” For I am confused as to the psyche of these entities around me Prisoner 05 jumps back in:

“I suppose we didn't realise it yet, that the days are different from each other, maybe it is easier to think of our numbers as days besides the overt calculations that are required to only doom us further into despair”. Prisoner 05 has been here for 70 day cycles, and has not come to see each moment as different from the next, it seems.

“The longer we are here” states 27, “the more we are able to remember, considering it seems as though we were only born yesterday, or rather you, for that matter; but with each visitation, I find myself questioning my own desires more, for as I come to hate it here, I am always drawn back, for who knows what occurs beyond the light of day?”

“Perhaps we could have asked 13” 07 jumps in: “for I have heard stories that at one point, they forgot everything; the

other prisoners had to remind them who they were, and then just like that, they vanished”

“How could they just have vanished, perhaps they escaped?” I ask, for there I find some form of hope.

“Nobody wants to escape from this place; but I suppose if you did then your only way would be to die, for there is no life support in the vacuum of space. As for 13, however, they say that he wrung himself in the shower with a shoelace”

“A shoelace?” “That’s a strong shoelace..”

“Yes, yes; but after a Guard alert, 13 was taken to the infirmary and just like that, arrived clueless as to who they were at the dining hall the next cycle”

“Did anyone see their face.?” I ask, “do we shower with these masks?”

“No, nobody saw as far as I know; and yes, we do, for it is special material, we are allowed to get it wet” 7 states.

“Wet with tears” 14 goes on, as the group grows into a macabre chuckle.

“Not for 13, for they have been replaced by an alien, incapable of emotion” 7 whispers, with a rising roar of laughter. I was not laughing.

“Surely that could be a possibility? For who knows if that was even 13 anymore!”

“Well, it doesn’t really matter, for the next fortnight 13 did it again, and this time, did not come back”

“And this doesn’t matter?” “Well, maybe they remembered enough of their past self. Enough to do the same thing again.. they should have just taken his shoes” 7 dismisses the urgency of my enquiry, for I do not think anybody knows

what really happens, or want to know, for that matter.

"Anyways!" 27 interrupts: "according to your orientation (which I have just made up now), we can come to conclude that there is no escape, or death; and why would we even want to, for there are plenty of interesting activities, such as talking with each other in the yard.."

"Yes, and nowhere else besides the yard!"

"Indeed, and eating in the hall..."

"The food tastes like whatever you want it to taste like, just don't go thinking about your own farts or something" This was followed by a childish chuckle from among the listeners.

"...Then there are the showers.." 27 goes on "not to kill yourself, but to clean yourself, although who really knows the difference!" My face is straight and dead, for how can these people, who have existed here for so long, be so content and sarcastic about this current condition!

"we are literally within an unescapable routine in space and thus can never get out, besides in the hope the ascending floors hold greener pastures!" I have interrupted 27's self-proclaimed orientation, which vexes him; but he calmly goes to say:

"well number 01, I have come to enjoy the process of rank, in all of its banality, and perhaps you should learn this sooner rather than later, considering you still have a good while with us". This stung me briefly, I stayed my tongue, only to let 27 continue: "...and then there is the visitation, which is my favourite, because then we get to converse with an outsider, although we usually end up doing all the talking; it feels good to converse in monologue". I come to think about the bag by

my side for a moment, and in that moment it dawned that I did not see a purpose for it anymore, for I was not in the mindset to spite my captors anymore, this gift they have given me to pass on; and pass on I will, for it seems I will be here forever.

My throat croaks, although only I can feel it, the others chatter away into the background as we slowly forget that I know nothing of this place. My orientation has seemed to come to an end, and as I will find out more at another point, I have lost interest in the knowledge now. It all seems too much for me to comprehend. How have I wound up here, how have we all wound up here? Where is here in the first place? Is there even a first place, for where have I come from, and where will I go? I walk over to the nearest guard, situated under one of the towers adjacent the grand panoptic tower; and gently hand over the briefcase, all the while succumbing to the reality of it all.

“...Doctor, I think I would like to go home.”

“Where is home for you?” “Well, I suppose that is the conundrum, for I cannot identify any location, yet I feel the desire to be there.”

“And this is not your home?”

“I have no desire to be here.” I feel queasy at times, although not the kind that makes me sick; but moreso the identification of some sort of longing: a longing for something within me; and it identifies itself at times in the small moments, as if I am called to it by something that I do not know, yet faintly recall. “Doctor, I have these moments;

but it is as if there is nothing there; or maybe I do not want to remember it, and I do not know why I would want to forget: only to be in this place, which is transience. For surely nothing could be so painstaking as the repetition of it all?"

"And you identify transience in such a place as this?"

"Well, transience in my number, for I have been here long enough as to experience the ranking of my body; but also transience in thought, in which these brief beautiful moments only last for so long before they dissipate. I am sure there is something beyond me that notices the consistency of it all."

"And this consistency is ever-lasting?"

"Well, how would I know? for I am myself transient; but when I observe the nature of this place, acting as would one entity... and for what? I ask this to myself often, although neither I nor anybody else knows why we do what we do."

"Does this consistency ever require any purpose..." now the doctor comes to inhale: "...I come to see myself in you sometimes; and in the routines of your fellow prisoners; we have been in conversation now for 30 cycles, it is truly amazing to see how we come to adapt; although now there is something else to come, for this is our last session until next week, and there we will become 31, together. And I hope that you can find some clarity in this, although who ever has clarity in this place?"

"Well, I was hoping that somebody would; maybe we should take it upon ourselves.."

"Perhaps something to ponder; but for now I wish you well, prisoner 30" as the doctor proceeds to get up and leave first



from the visitation room; and I am left sitting until the lights switch off, leading me out of the room and back to the cell.

As I come to lie on the bed, I start to think of the 420 day cycles I have come to exist; and how they have seemed to go by as would one single day, for each moment seems to be the same, and slowly I feel my desire to act dissipate as I start to exist within my own mind, travelling to places that are unknown to me, for I experience the memory, yet cannot name the places.

I come to think of myself as lost, although there is no place to be lost from; and thus I am quaintly found within these four walls, in which my face is allowed to breathe.

I have never seen my face, I come to think; although I have never seen anything I suppose, for the names of things come to confuse me as of late, the language that we hold within this prison, manifested from thin air out of convenience to articulate sound with a doctor... and where does this information go? Where does it come from? That is why, the harder I come to think in this darkness, the more I come to forget; as I remind myself of something, edging towards an escape, I come to equally un-remember and thus I am thrust into cyclical debate as to which side of myself truly wants to exist, for what am I even hoping for? I have come to exist as 27 did for me when I first arrived; to feel a sense of seniority in this place comes with a satisfying sense of accomplishment, although we are all essentially in the same position.

Within this moment I wake up back where I started, for I have come to ascend. Although I only move to Floor 02, I come to feel an excitement drawing, as such with queasiness, but more affected by the butterflies within.

The guard escorts me out of my cell before all of the others, and it feels special to see the hall so empty and clean, as it reflects the lights from the side wall. I step into the elevator, there is a sign which states: "GUARD ELEVATOR", which takes on the literal effect, for I come to think of the pragmatist approach, but only very faintly, in a *deja vu* sense, for sometimes things feel as though they have happened before. There is no music in this elevator, although I don't know why there would be music in the first place; and I also don't know why I thought that there would be mechanic sounds (although the elevator is a machine), but this trip was extensively silent.

There was not a peep from the Guard (and thus implicitly not a peep from myself); and there was no sounds such as the buzzing of lights or even creaking of doors (when we come upon them). Perhaps the sound of feet marching up and down; and the echo of this repetitive movement; but yes.. pure silence, in a sense.

As the elevator comes to a stop, I feel a moment of ecstasy within, for who knows what this place will hold! And as the doors open, it was as if I had never left the ground floor. Everything was exactly the same, ranging from the placement of the doors, to the extended corridor with the lights upon the wall.. the sound of the footsteps too, although the walk was different, in the sense that I left leading to the right; and

arrived from the left, as a typewriter would when concluding a line, although, it felt strange to think this for I didn't know exactly what I was talking of, but there was a sense of familiarity, only to quickly forget a moment later; and it was here in which I was introduced to my new cell: 31, In which I have come to know so well; yet completely renewed; and you would not even be able to tell someone was here before, because all that is required to clean this place is a pressure device (I have never seen such; but I hear them when they clean sometimes).

Anyways, the Guard disperse, and a moment later, every door opens and every prisoner steps out in an unintended unison. "Just in time to eat" I say, ironically, for I did not have to unpack anything.

## Chapter 05

After a refilling meal (for I could so vividly imagine precarious taste), I was greeted by the doctor upon our next session:

“It only felt like yesterday that we were completely different people”

“Yes; and are we not, in some strange sense, different at every moment?”

“It depends on your perception of Moment, for are we referring to the day cycles, visitation cycles, fortnights (or rank cycles), or even to the floor cycles, 31?”

“Well, which is the Moment that encapsulates them all? For I suppose I am implying that we are changed before we even have anything to be in the first place”

“To say that all of these moments are merely descriptors of something that cannot be described? The integers of Time...”

“I suppose so, for now I find myself within a paradox of sorts, in which I am within one Moment, and thus lack the fixture of position; but also within many moments, in which my position is always granted. And in these moments, I feel a sense of placement, although I can never place myself; and in this Moment I feel the Placement, although I myself can never be placed.”

“Could this not be described in reversal 31? For your placement within a moment is always changing; and whatever you are describing as: Moment, seems to be consistent?”

“Yes, it seems as though the rank cycle is just as fluid as Consistency; but the rank cycle itself fixes my character into

an identified position, whereas, the more I come to think of it, this character of mine does not exist." It seems as though my face becomes dull in this moment, for I feel my muscles fall into a frown, and as with a mirror, it is reflected in the face of the doctor. "Oh doctor," I go on to say "we have been here for so long now, not to say that I am frustrated at this clause anymore, for I have come to accept myself in some sense; but this story comes to involve you too, for you have been with me every step of the way"

"Yes, it is true that I come to exist in your presence every seven day cycles; although I suppose if I were to mention difference, which is not professional in my nature (although what is professionalism in this place), I would come to describe the existence of myself within my own dormitory blocks upon the Station; and I suppose you only have a faint idea of what this building is; but it could be, as with the prison, a marvel of this world, if only it was placed on the world; and thus a marvel of Space! For as we come to sacrifice our blood, sweat and tears for advancement; we also come to see its fruition upon the generations to come."

"Although, that would mean that we might never be the ones to experience the sum of our own creation, besides not even knowing what it is in the first place."

"I suppose; but it is here in which the feeling of hope, and faith come to reign over us..."

"It sounds as though these are the devices of coercion; and ironically it seems we both live within its borders"

"Borders they are not; for hope allows us to see further than one would without it; faith allows us to feel beyond what is

conceivable, and thus, chase it!" It was at this moment in which it seems as though an electrical prod was injected into my brain and in a Moment, I come to look at the doctor in the eyes, seeing myself, and articulate: "the Black Disk?" "Indeed, it seems as though everything is done for this Black Disk within these pioneering times; and nobody knows what it is! It could be nothing, but we still fill it with everything that comes to fruition upon the Earth; and although you and I cannot see it, we can feel it, for we all seem to cascade in perpetual motion, with its seed planted in the Utopia" The Utopia... it sounded like a place that was more beautiful than anything I could ever imagine, although living within the shadow of such a place makes me think deeper about what is required to sustain it.

"Perhaps we will all go back to It someday" I say as we conclude our session for the day, in which the doctor leaves; and then myself.

I am quite excited, for it is upon this day cycle that I am able to converse with familiar characters, that slowly faded out upon the rank cycles of the past floor. We stand together in a circle: 31; 33; 35; 37; 44 and 57, and the group holds their general greetings: "Well..." starts 33, "the elevator trip must have been exciting."

"As exciting as it was the first time, assuming we arrive through an elevator at our inception" I go on, "as irrelevant as it is, I don't recall the elevator my first time"

"Well, we cannot ascend from nothing; at least here we have the stars as a goal"

“What direction are we looking in, for I am sure there are stars below us”

“Gravitationally, we can consider what is not pulling us down as the stars. Yes, we can consider the directionless space; but sometimes it can be irrelevant when we simply want to get a point across”

“But in order to get the point across, we are required to explain the conditions that set forth the point itself”

“We would thus never get to a point; and I would sincerely like to make a point, even if the foundation is not grounded”

“Well, we are aiming for the stars, why would we try and ground ourselves?”

“Do you not think we are required to work from somewhere? For how can we even identify what the stars are in the first place?”

“Well, now we are back to explaining the context of a point; I would just like to be there”

“We are there, in a funny sense; for I have been conversing for ages with this outsider of a doctor, and they sure know how to speak about randomness”

“Yes, I have started to notice that too! The doctor speaks of these places that we have no hopes of going to as if we were already there, or have at least been there in some sense”

“Well, in my view, we are the sum of these things... the byproduct and thus there is no reason for us to ever be there, for we are here, at the end of it...”

“And what if this is just the beginning? What if all Earth dwellers actually arrive from this prison?”

“Where would the prison have come from then? For this has been constructed by us! We could not have just spawned here without context or purpose”

“Perhaps without purpose; but we are in some stead, informed by a context beyond us, I come to understand. Although, the purpose of the context is remiss; and thus, in a roundabout way: the context is contextless!”

“So we are here without context? I cannot come to accept this”

“It is not that we lack context; but the context itself is transparent because the arm of purpose does not plant us upon the body... we are merely a hand without an arm, an arm without a body; and a body without a soul”

“Pfah! In that sense we are merely the blood without the vessels! The bone without the muscles...”

“There has to be something that notices us”

“Surely we do; but then what are we noticing, if not ourselves?”

“...There is no self without this perception; they are hand in hand, yet separated at every integer, as would one cycle to the next; and who are we to classify such form?”

“We are Creator!”

“Creator? And we have created this for ourselves? This destitute place?”

“I would argue that this is the opposite of destitute, for this building is sparse in its construction and perfect in its design”

“Only perfect until proven not, for I am sure I exist within a flawed system: I either cannot realise it, or am too fearful to find out.”



"I suppose I am now at a lack of words... surely we can speak of something else besides the banality of Being at this point?"

"Well... this is surely where we are headed, and I would say that is why we are allowed to remember, and thus earn our rank, for we are moving towards something, or we are at least in the hopes of it, and at this point, that is good enough for me"

I forgot where I stopped and started throughout the conversation, at a point it all starts to feel like one voice as I section off, for I have now lost interest. I take a seat upon the floor, and look deeply into the tower in the middle of the far ended sidewall, for slowly we come to rise above it as we increase integers, at least coming face to face with the top of this machine at the end of our sentence.

I think to myself that I will die by the time this is over, and that the killing hand will be this machine that watches me, as I walk out the gates, or hatch, or whatever they will provide for us at the precipice of our number; but I also come to not care, for I still have five more stories to climb into before I come to what I would consider penultimate knowledge, for who is the true holder of the ultimate, if this is even real..? We are sectioned off into our cells at the call; and I come to end my second day cycle upon the second floor feeling a strange sense of Re-happening, although it has never come before.

## Chapter 06

“Each moment is not the same” I come to tell myself as I stare into the mirror. It holds a steamy coat upon it, for I have just now completed the process of a warm shower, which has elated me such as a pen would write upon paper, or rather the ink would squeeze into the pen, or rather the solvents that are derived from the Earth, would find themselves mixed with an assortment of material, so as to finally come to be considered Ink.

And it is here, that I stare at myself in the mirror, feeling only complete enough to be used as a vessel to write something that I would have no intrinsic connection to actually notice, for I am really just these solvents; and I wish that it would break itself down so that I do not have to remember that I have now been doing this job for over a year now.

As much as I feel driven to exist within this or that plane, I come to question the morality that justifies continuity; I suppose I have nothing else to do within this life, and everything has come to lead me to this place, so there is no point in not continuing. And it goes as a general jest among the rank that an easy escape would just be to die; but we have already realised that there is no death here (that is the funny part). And thus there is no escape for if we were to lose our physical attachment, which we have come to contextualise as the SOPF (Self-Organised Physical Format), we would exist within the flip side of the same coin, being the Consistency of Instantaneity, or Life.

In a sense, we do not even have anything to lose, for this body has not come to us out of ownership; but more so chance, and in my case, obligation. It is required of me to continue the work of the Staggered, for it has created a working model of perfect Earth: Utopia. If we remove the element of time, it justifies the extent of the work, for then we were never in, or out at any point in Time, although it is true that we are each required to fill our roles; and it can become deathly to look at oneself seven grand cycles from now. As a contextual Earth dweller, I can also come to identify this as seven years; although in about six I will come to forget this entirely; and not because of anybody else besides myself, for that is what we are trained to do: consciously forget.

The subconscious mind acts as a finicky remembrance tool for us here upon the Station, researching the minds of ourselves, for it actually comes to be a powerful action response mechanism (or so we have decided), so that a subject acts in the moment without thinking, for the brain has already experienced the memory before, and thus, allows the conscious brain to consider in its own way while it reacts to seemingly unknown stimulus.

This powerful tool has been used time and time again by us doctors, and scientists to continue the great mechanism of advancement upon the Earth; and identify ourselves as useful patrons of an ever demanding sequence.

Although I would like to think of us here upon the Station as transcendent doctors, in which we are self-aware as to the pointlessness of our position, and even with the use of

transcendence, I come to defuse the point of my conversation, for I have already categorised what does not exist. And thus we seem to exist between the lines, in which we are permitted to observe the unfixed point, from a point of fixation: that being we are allowed to study the prisoner, who exists out of context (as the one who perceives), through the contextualisation of the doctor perceiving; and then flip the roles in strange reversals in which we each come to learn about ourselves, although we are only alluding to the study of each other.

I am deeply looking forward (with regret) to becoming this wonderful (ly awful) achievement we have come to articulate as the Merchant Project. I am still staring at myself in the mirror, although now the mirror is clear and I am actually staring through myself for I cannot come to look this character in the eyes. I proceed to walk into a closet, for it is a large enough closet, in order to put on my clothes, which come to all look exactly the same upon the hanger (for I have 7 day cycles worth of coats and black pants, including underwear and socks). It is required by management that we always look presentable at times of work, for it is professional.

Although I come to ask myself what this professionalism is at times (not that I am against it), for there is always somebody somewhere who we allow to control us. Once I have done my preparation duties I set out to catch a shuttle. This is a once per week occurrence; but work never ends, and thus neither does presentation. Work itself however comes to actually represent something far greater, or worse depending on your

perspective, for I simply exist in Time, and I would not consider this to be work in the slightest. Thus I sometimes feel better calling it perpetual holiday, although I don't really call it this, it was merely something that popped up within ones mind at a moments notice, for a lot of the time I find myself to be improvising.

With the prisoners, in my research.. it all comes down to some foundationless ebb. Although many of my coworkers agree, we come to still agree (hopefully) that this itself is the foundation, for we have now arrived at a fully functional space prison (however informal we might become with the names, we allot pragmatism in order to simplify, and just roll with it). I proceed to roll out of the shuttle, in a rather egotistical pomp, for that we what we doctors are most finely attuned to: the ego, for we are required to know things; and thus we do, much better than you or anyone else we come to exist within. But inside there is a part of me that does this out of insecurity, and thus to myself I can never justify my own actions as enough, or something like that, as I walk into the empty visitation room, in preparation to meet my patient: oh I am so lost and I have no idea what I am doing or who I am, besides this falsity that we can call myself, being a doctor in this instance: a pioneer of thought in which thought does not exist for me... how selfish I come to be.

It's always me me... And through the door in this moment walks in none other than: me.

## Chapter 07

"I look out upon the stars from the atmosphere of Earth. I have been brought up among the mass of the acclaimed; I sit with my friends and we ponder the stars while running through the cities and leaves. I think I would like to go to space one day, and search the stars, looking back at Earth, in which I have resided for my whole life, although I have only lived to become 13; and next year I will be enrolled into the Learning institute, in which I will become what I become, and we all travel through the paths that are given to us, although my conception of these great days are only little, for I am little; and have no requirement to know as of yet, I have not been permitted the knowledge of the grown ups, although it is always said that I am the seed of myself; and will come to grow this great global nation we come to call the Utopia.

I have never left its borders; and thus am clueless as to what exists outside of my everyday routine, learning the language of communication; and the manners of the community.

We always come to talk of what exists outside of the atmosphere: the great Station and Research centre that exist within the vicinity of the Moon. I aspire to be among my peers wherever we may land, for the nature of this community is that of exploration, and the curiosity of my childlike nature has carried itself through the generations, allowing us to become those who exist in space; and thus I would like to be a Merchant.

A great flying individual that comes to carry us forward with the hope of it, the hope of something more; although, I

suppose this makes me aspire to always be there, and never to stay here, besides the beauty of my freedom. The liberty of my soul. It calls out to me from beyond in which I simply cannot wait to learn, for there is only wonderful things to come". Gregory Morton stepped off of the stage to a sitting applause.

Never in their life has it felt so excited. So many eyes, so many cameras able to see the perfect image of my soul.

"When can I do it again?"

"Well, that is all for today; but next week, we should be attending the Annual Conference, you can then say whatever you like again, Gregory". There is booming echo coming from the main stage. Greg can hear the frequencies through the wall of the backstage. It is some politician going on about this Moon-Station.

I suppose you could say that I am excited, I have never had an experience like this before; and I know its coming, I see it in every place I look, and my friends cannot stop talking about it either. It is safe to say that I am very excited! I'd like to think that the world gets boring every so often; but my parents tell me off. Apparently I do not understand things like they do. Thus there is a freedom that calls from this station, for I can finally be rid of these overbearing figures, although some would say that in and of itself is selfish.

To me, it is indeed a matter of selfishness. This Gregory character cannot stand the nature of incorrectness, and transparency. "It is actually the perfect fit" as he slowly slides into me; and now I cannot escape, for as much as my vices tempted me into this talking, no amount of this talking can

actually come to mean anything anymore. "...And to think that I still have a whole life ahead of me; I do believe that the station will provide me with some kind of correctness. A position to stand upon so that I can defend myself from the encroaching do-gooders."

"Value is added to your life with a grad-doc, in some sense, it is almost a re-initiation into life, only more real".

For a moment, I think of what I am attempting to bypass, what is holding me down. The words of this doctor seem so sweet, taking me there: Further. If only we did not know where these events would lead, for I am now driving down the lanes and roads in a vehicle in line with an assortment of similar looking vehicles. The mirrors are blacked out. The music is replaced by chitter chatter surrounding the upcoming financial increases.

It seems that there is actually a large enough community to fund this endeavour (continuously).

I can't say for sure how any of this works, and nor do I really care, it appears in brief moments, this questioning; but never really forms for itself anything as it gets replaced by the trees, and people walking upon the bustling streets. We stop outside of a hotel. A grand hotel, fit for government officials, with extended beds and an all you can eat buffet. No less than a kings ransom (times however many people are currently with us). I see them, standing by the entrance, waiting for this convoy; waiting for me. My parents are always very excited to see me; sometimes I could say the same. However, stepping out of a protected vehicle with some form of governor makes me feel silly in their presence,



as if I had to have come from somewhere, allocating for me a human nature. But no matter, I have a brief conversation with them and my feelings subside, for sometimes I really do get swept away.

Now what can one expect from a hotel of this stature? Well. I suppose I am not quite sure: an entrance desk, a door, some chairs and lights spread out so that everything looks like it is supposed to be there. There is an assortment of customers that fall in around us; but the desk itself was empty upon our arrival, our cars were moved away and now there are more cars arriving. I am looking outside while all of the logistics are handled at the front desk. Through a slight murmuring mixed with the classical radio echoed in the background, I have set for myself a stage, in which I watch her edge herself out of the vehicle. She is quaint about it, quiet, it seems. Sometimes I think about the colours of their clothes, and what spurred the decision to juxtapose. I ask myself just how much consideration went into the preparation to remove oneself from this car, for if someone could do this without thinking, then I am at awe.

In a sense, I cannot fathom anything less than this overthinking; that is why the station sounds so exciting as well! But as she walks away, I am guided by my authoritative uppers, which creates for me a feeling a inimitable shame. This goes by unnoticed. My focus is not as developed as I would like it to be. I ask myself about these ideas of focus, what can I focus on? How things tend to all happen at the same time; and time only really stops when I think about it:

We are at the entrance of our hotel, I am staying in the same room as my parents. It is a two bed-room, one bathroom.

I sit with a sense of appreciation, for everything in this life requires it, however we decide to create it; but this appreciation turns sour at my inner thinking, which desires to be out there somewhere. I cannot think of many other people my age who would be able to do what I am doing, travelling, and speaking and such. It is a privilege on my side, bestowed upon me by this “marketing director”.

That is not exactly how he introduced himself, however.

There is more of a charismatic touch as he tends to focus more on the communal aspect of their endeavours, and I don't really know whose endeavour is whose anymore, for I hear all of this information through my parents, who I inherently distrust. In some sense, we could say that I am here because of them. I am also here because of the director; but I never spoke to the director about it.

I'm not sure how I was even identified for this movement. And it has been quite a while now, that we have travelled; but I am sure I will be back to class again in the next couple of weeks, and then the next couple of weeks; and then I am gone. I'm sure I will still see people that I know, my friends are going to study the same thing as me; but there are some who are taking more diverse routes. It all makes me quite nervous thinking about it. I hop off of my bed and fetch some water. Clear; transparent, and clean. It falls from a silver tap as I turn my hand slowly upon the handle at its base.

The glass I use is just that: glass. Sometimes plastic annoys me (does the Station have lots of plastic?). I'm not sure; but

as I sip the water I feel it flow upon my teeth, onto my tongue, cheeks and around the mouth as a general form, to be swallowed in a moment, and thus the sensation dissipates at about half way down my throat. This is where I decide that my feelers stop existing, and in a sense, I am grateful for it. I would not like to feel the nerves of my digestion, as comforting as the grumbling can be, I cannot fathom the crushing and churning and burning that I permit to these feeble pieces of matter.

Myself, in a picture.

There is a distant conversation taking place. I close my eyes, yet cannot sleep; and it feels as though this is recurring for everyone. We lay together for many a moment, until my anxiety breaks the silence in a rustling movement up and out into the pitter patter of steps upon the doorway:

“I am going outside,” this is what I use as verification to get outside, I am not required to fully justify my intention; I light a cigarette, and use my own lighter. The second belongs to my mother; and I’d rather let sleeping dogs lie in some matters. The orange tinge at the end of a light always provides me with constancy. Not to say that that the fire is constant in any sense; but for those brief moments of activation, the fire holds my attentions gaze as I putter out the smokes of air surrounding me in a greasy buzz of low-flying aggregates colouring the sky grey.. or blue?

I’m not sure if it is this white light above me that subverts my understanding of this smoke, so I walk out of it, into the darkness of the night; and the orange tinge becomes more

comforting at every inhalation. Then it dies. My cigarette does not last incredibly long, unless I would like to smoke more than one, I could imagine one very long cigarette; but the realistic cigarette is placed into a small package, enough to tantalise the tastebuds; but never enough to satiate it. And in this moment I remember, once again, the insatiable desire of ones existence to be.

There is something here; and I am so caught up on finding it. The place that promises this sanctuary is only here in this moment as the image of a faint tinge, for I am in darkness; and I cannot fathom ever getting out. Although, I do not think I really understand this darkness that I speak of; and can only really picture it from what I have heard upon this grand journey I have embarked upon, at my parents will; and at the directors call...

“Within these executive conversations with myself, I come to identify an expanse of confusion, which can then be directed into whatever energy we decide...”

“...and this is your plan for infinite power generation?”

“Well, in terms of manpower, yes. We are allocating places that mask the confusion through routine, habits, these are the things that shape us; and my bet is that confusion is what drives these repetitions”

“The entire construction of human nature! There can be no conceptualising such a grand mass of ideas; and you amount it to nothing more than confusion?”

“Well... it is not just a nothing more than scenario. Confusion can be quite complex; and essentially we are trying to say

that it acts as a shapeless foundation from which all form permeates to create the construct in which we reside; and in this resignation to life, we are naturally predisposed to its desire”.

“Desire and confusion..”

“It is to say that we do not know what we want; and the only way that we can tell is through suggestion.”

“Suggestion.?”

“Anything can be suggestion. The catalyst for the continuation of thought. The evolution of an idea. This is based off of a build up of disassociated form; these come together and the suggestion becomes clear”

“Only as clear as you want it”

“Yes.. only as clear as you would like; I would very much like to understand how this works in a grander context.”

“Well, if what you say holds weight, you might just be able to do exactly what it is that you want to do; and this is where I come in?”

“...Not exactly; but to get this message out, that is for me to do. You come in wherever you would like, just know that we are here.”

Anyways, I think that the meeting went well overall. We spoke about this and that, here and there, from this time to that, maybe under some candlelight, but only faintly as with a brush through wind.

“Im not sure who I am anymore” says Vanessa to Vanessa.

“Well, surely there is comfort in knowing that time is inevitable?”

“In what sense? That sounds crushing”

“Well, it implies the nature of change, and to think of our projection within this market space (that you have created for yourself) is to think of only growth at this point, you have seen the statistics”

“Yes... the statistics, for this business, that we run. The moon station is already in a state of automation, what is the point of our being within this representative space anymore? Are we not mere replicants of the inherent Politic?”

“It seems you forget yourself, Vanessa. If you are to understand the Politics Discourse, surely you are required to know that there is no inherent Politic, thus even your distorted figure has now come to hold the mythic status of this order, and so it is an honour to uphold its values, whatever the cost”

“Yes, this symbology. Don’t speak too harshly against me, Vanessa, for it is only a Childs innocence that pervades through my enquiry; but what of another order, that vanquishes the hierarchy of myself? I have heard of whispers in the wind.”

“It is only your distrust for yourself, this destruction is always seeking out its weakest point, lying in the shadows, among the most familiar of faces; but do not disillusion yourself, for intuition guides us through these perils, at what cost, is up to chance and what skill you have acquired in the repetition of its vices”.

To sin against oneself is a perilous undoing, to which the pleasure of its guilt ridden sacrilege lies as gold melted upon the corpse of a thousand vixens. This I will not say, for it

taints me in this moment, this desire for change; and yet I am at the head of this institute, aware of the merchants inherent ineptitude. I cannot share in the expanse of my emptiness, looking upon the stage, at Gorden Scot.

A memory of thought, and of myself. I am blinking repeatedly, there is a rustling of clothes. Cotton swab drab grey with accented blacks upon a golden ruckus.

There is stallion of dark knife pitchforks in the room. The candle has struck out blindly into the night tenfold.

"Anyways, you said something about lunch?"

"...no. I did not say anything about lunch"

"Come on, we will be late for our transport"

"How can we be late for our transport?" Says I

"Rather late for your speech, now hurry along. Yesterday you were so excited."

Yesterday, I was excited; but now I am not excited. I am not excited anymore. This lacklustre void. I have awoken into dreary night dreams. I just want to sleep to be honest.

But we are busy during the day; and today is an important one. We are at a place, doing a conference. It is a big conference; and I get to speak to a large crowd. How wonderful. Anyways, my eyes are dreary, let us continue with the courtesy. We get into our transport, it looks strikingly similar to that which was provided the day before; but this is only an observation, for I cannot come to complain about such seats and the like. The conversation is such as the car. The ride itself does not take long, for the hotel is within a

short distance, the long trip was completed yesterday, with the bigger convoy.

The trip seems to continue as I step out, my foot touching the ground, allocating weight, bringing the second foot over with momentum. My muscles are in such a condition that I should not even be noticing it; but I do, for lack of anything else around me. The stares, and good days as we pass by this or that with their hands tucked neatly behind their backs, leading us into a courtyard, through a reception hall, into an auditorium, with a large stage at its end; and a circular table that collectively fits one member from each representative party (which is a lot).

There is also another sitting area, closer to the stage and rectangular in design. This is where I get the special access seat in the front. I did not need any preparation, for my speech was done prior; and the microphone is attached to a pedestal.

“Good day...” the MC proceeds to announce, “it is with honour, that I, x, and been assigned to lead this great assembly today in what has been ceaselessly rebuilt in the name of community...” the hall is silent. “We should keep ourselves aware as to why we come together in such places by understanding the hardship that such places have earned through the global fallout marked Year 01, initiating a new era of connectivity among denizens of the world...” “...This is a building that exemplifies our hardships, and so it must be treated as such...” The MC proceeds to explain the general intention of the meeting, reiterating the codes created in



order to foster collaboration, the synergy and momentum that can be achieved from disassociated ideas occurring simultaneously and such. The general theme of this is a global catch-up and stage for further investment of assets into ideas, and ideas into action (which makes me wonder about the details of such an interaction). And also the time it takes for such a meeting to take place.

It is designated over the next couple of days, to provide ample time for each party to think and interact with a sense of clarity. I should be used to this by now; but none of the events that I have been to have compared to this scale, which I did not expect. Needless to say that my dreariness was averted, besides in the monotony of the speakers voice at times; the acoustics were sharp enough for me to sustain my interest by listening to its airy whisper. I also did not realise that my speech was not to be presented today.

I wish that these higher ups would give me more information sometimes, it feels as though I am some sort of poster boy in this grand hall, and this intimidates me. To think of all of the people that could be listening to such a convention of thought makes me understand how it can be possible to exist in such a world of harmony (besides us being thrust into this from the darkness of fallout; but I was not alive at this point, and should perhaps rather ask my parents, if I could come to listen, for they will probably use it as some exercise against my will). I don't know exactly how any of the details surrounding the Year-one Fallout actually goes, a lot of it is hearsay; it had apparently happened quite some time ago. It is mentioned in class from time to time, as a matter of

history, for such an event can never seem to be forgotten, and at times I can still see the remnants of such a moment laced in the cracks of objects, both real and not; but I would never be able to confront it directly and rather prefer to exist in a blissful ignorance. At least for the time being, for it would be interesting to know how such an event could even be possible. Each member steps up to have their say as time proceeds to march on towards the end of the day.

I'm not sure what I expected people to say, a lot of it is beyond my understanding. Murmurs of recycling initiatives and the sorts. An interesting one was country P, who was interested in utilising their fish oil surplus to create powerful local energy sources; and another who wants to automate computer processes in order to cook their popcorn in unvisualised space, reporting that it might be possible to eventually condense food out of the air. These were all good and well; but hearing about them for hours on end makes me feel sick, which I can now use as an excuse to go to the bathroom, genius. I do feel bad, however, for having to get up during someones wholly prepared charter on macaroni supplies and oncology support, which sounds interesting until it stops becoming interesting.

This bathroom, however, is quite interesting. I enjoy the colours chosen, smooth blues and whites really make me feel like a child again.. oh wait! I chuckle as I proceed to wash my hands; a moment before, flushing the toilet without really needing to, just to sound productive. I do not know what to do with such an expansive amount of time! I tell myself.

"I tell myself" as I proceed to look ever so deeply into your eyes. Well... this became awkward really fast, I should be getting back now, as I flash back into the pan, just in time to hear the conclusion of this macaroni seminar. The rest of the day was as clean as paperwork, and everything is the same until morning, in which we are just in time for our transport, or so we would have thought, only to find that the transport was not present.

What a conundrum, I tell myself, hearing the babbling of solutions in the background chattered away ceaselessly as if words do not hold any meaning anymore. "Huff.." I guess they do not anymore.

"Yes.?"

"No no, I was just exclaiming a sigh for emotive purposes, it has nothing to do with you"

"Oh, for a second I thought you had something you wanted to say". Usually they are not this ratty; but what can I say, even I feel uneasy as to the absence of our vehicle on such a day. But it is to say that such a feeling is unrequited, for the car has evidently arrived without a scratch, and was merely late due to a requirement to refuel. It seems that even at the highest levels of government, we come to experience the human traits of forgetfulness, or maybe possibility: the possibility to be late.

Now, it is to say, that this refuelled vehicle actually arrived particularly well on time; and the other vehicle, a moment before was required only slightly more urgently by none other than the director herself, who, travelling with her

secretarial counterpart have subverted their course to the Annual Seminar in order to prioritise their planned course to Daisy Dixer's, a dive bar in the opposite direction of the arranged meeting hall. Regarding the child and their parents, it would not be such an offence if the guest speaker were to arrive late, no.

as for Vanessa, her meeting was set up quite spontaneously and could not, at any cost, be missed.

"...that is what I am telling myself, that I cannot be late"

"It would not suit the occasion, I suppose"

"No, of course not" And so, at the expense of some extra travel time, we find ourselves perched at the window, a black screen. The door is opened by our driver, who states that they will be in the area, and would only require a call in order to mobilise. We stand across from one another upon this empty forked street in which the bar is located directly at the end of the road, this long road connects to an adjacent road that runs parallel to the bar, creating the sense of two direction (or three).

"a head of a cross", if you were to read the slogan at the entrance. The building is located in an industrially designated zone. Or at least it was such a location, and for over 40 years it existed in radioactive smog. The next 40 years it existed in a forced gentrification on behalf of the migrating residents, some areas stuck, other areas decay; and they both exist contrasted in the eyes of this longstanding bar.

"We could have picked a better spot"

"I do not think that we could have".

## Daisies

The warm musk of splintered wood, and a tainting of damp cardboard, lined with the smudge of browned yellow, painted upon the walls of time; and casual banter over a cigarette. The rustic nature of this place would assert itself over even the most uptight of individuals. In the early hours of mid-morning, we have come upon this place in its most empty of occasions, that special moment, in which we find that the place is closed; when the cook is still igniting the fireplace, and the barman resides in the backroom, counting their stock. After we are let inside (for we are expected), we make our way into the main serving area: a sizeable room, in which the main attraction is a varnished wooden bar that extends over the floor of the room from its one side, to the other. It takes up half of its space, so that the other half can be used to situate customers into their orderly rows.

The windows around the main bar have all already been opened before we arrived, so we are greeted to golden rays of sun shining through the silvered clouds in their straightened rays, pointing us towards our seats at the bar, or at least one would think that these seats are theirs, considering how well placed they were, so much so that it becomes odd. Upon closer inspection, the bar shines brighter than any other wooden item in this place, with some even falling into pieces.

“Surely the bar cannot stay this clear at all times”

"I'm sure we are in the best position to observe it at this moment; alas, there is no bartender, I could do with a drink, but for the taste" she says with a wink.

There is something about this Vanessa that strikes me. It would explain why I decided that she would be best suited to work with me, thus contextualising her being here; but I cannot accurately describe what it could be that appeals to me so much, besides our identical names, which comes as an added bonus. "Well, I can't imagine any books you might find yourself in; but I've heard that it is not conducive to drink with your boss" I say with a giggle.

"Sometimes I feel as though I boss you"

"I allow you to boss me, it makes work more productive, having a manager..." as I say this, I feel a defensive nature arise within; and I can see that Vanessa has picked up on it.

"Well, you are a manager, and I suppose it can be tough, maybe I wouldn't understand..." she is with me at all times, and this describes a dependance that she has created for herself.

Yes, Vanessa manages; but she requires a manager. She is good at making me feel bad; and for some reason I enjoy this. At its core, I cannot explain my longing to be with her; besides in its most professional sense, for this is the nature of my desire. Perhaps within, there is an intimate longing for this Vanessa; and I think about it deeply for a moment as we stop and stare into one another. I can only imagine the look on her face as my eyes avert to the figure that presents themselves in the background; upon a flight of stairs, coming from an office, of sorts, we are introduced, in a hush, yet firm

tone, to a character clad in black, from the dense leather of their boots, to the furrowing of denim piecing together what looks to be a jacket, raggedy in its design:

“Daisies...” His introduction was fairly brief; but my eyes were locked, in a professional sense, for I knew this one meant business. Perhaps Vanessa felt jealous; and who was I to care? That is the nature of this game at times.

“Yes, we had a conversation about a week ago, concerning the nature of the Merchant Project”

“Well, not me directly; but it has peaked my interest, and it has done so for a while now, this strange venture, I cannot seem to find any justification for it, yet am still compelled as if by some force...” he looks at me deeply. “...you will have to fill me in on as many details as possible.”

To this, I could not say no; and there were so many details that I shared. Through all of this I could not get my mind off of this one thing. I come to realise myself again, in a moment, for really as we continue to speak, there is no reason for any of us to be here besides in the escape of it; and I feel it, this searching, in his eyes; in hers.

“...its more ideological than anything else...” I say, as Daisies motions subtly to his barman to fetch another round.

“Hey, Vanessa has not even finished her drink yet..”

“Which one?”

“Both!” We say in unison, looking at Daisies, then each other, to our drinks; and back again to Daisies in a daze. He takes out a fashioned lighter, it has both gas and flint (with extra gas in his pocket, which is besides me). After a brief flick of the wrist, he had then placed the cigarette in his

mouth and lit it (after retrieving it from the pack within his other pocket), and coolly exhaled in my general vicinity.

It was not an impolite distance at which he blew smoke, but I still felt a targeted nature in his actions; and I do not smoke, it just smells quite pungently. In this moment, however, I was stimulated by its forceful acceptance upon the nose and pleasantly warmed by the unexpected looseness that is akin to alcohol poisoning, although not quite that extreme, for we are still talking business here...

"...a grand business! In which no other has seen the likes. In this moment, I cannot fathom how I have come to be a cog in its machine"

"Well, you should know, you are the machine, in this sense. I mean, you own this business, and yet you do not know how you have arrived at this point?"

"Well..." I stutter, as I attempt to recall that which is unknown to me:

"I was born, not so long ago,  
from a line that I know only faintly of  
In whereabouts, and whispers  
of the ones who came before me.

I have inherited this past;  
and it has granted me a future  
In its shadow"

"How poetic..."

"She means to say that somewhere down the line, someone in her family managed to somehow play a pivotal role in some sort of world movement, which very quickly introduced this self-proclaimed Politic and the projected family line into



a contextual bind with fortune and power, which then neatly coincides with Year-one Fallout... “

“The ideology of one person creating the ripple of death... And I understand that you cannot blame this sole Politic, because information at the time would have been so widely distributed that one person would not have been able to control so many interchangeable pieces simultaneously; but we can assume that the identification of this figure marks the age of the Politic and its’ roles, which is really the whole reason why we are here!”

“..We are following a code, inherited through the community attributed to that of my fathers; ”

“We are experiencing a grand social phenomenon attributed to living, and we are on the forefront”

“...We are essentially experiencing the byproduct of this guys thoughts...” daisies held his breath, thinking of all that he has helped to create, perhaps realising just how interdependent these characters are from each-other, besides in their apparent distance.

“So, the merchant project is itself a direct manifestation of these documents, created generations ago, by this so-called Politic...?”

“You sound amazed” I say softly

“Well, I find myself perplexed as to the coincidence that I myself have read some form of this Politics’ Discourse. As familiar as it sounds.. funny enough, my workshop takes inspiration from some of its writing.”

In this moment, we come to think upon the cause and effect of numbers. How many drinks have I had? Upon the bar

there is an assortment of items. I am staring mainly at the bottles, inspecting closely upon their labels.

“Pints’ cider vinegar”; “Drum ale”; Aaplong”. That sounds quite interesting, as I take a sip. It does belong to me after all. The space becomes cool, nightly. Quiet, together as we sit among a bar becoming progressively more busy.

My head is in a slight buzz.. it is at this point that I wonder why I was in such a rush to get here... there was some kind of importance that I felt. So much so that I thought it necessary to take the earlier trip. I suppose I enjoyed the rush of it; purposefully inconveniencing another in order to quench my own desire. There is no urgency besides the urgency that we create for ourselves, and that urgency is addictive.

I thoroughly enjoyed my time with Daisies; but I am still interested to know exactly what it is that he does here, and how he even found me in the first place? That person that I had conversed, how did I meet him?

I had received a message, through my secretary, and through her secretary, following down a fairly short line starting at the receiving end of an email. And this message had been transferred to me directly concerning ones nature to ascertain investment by any means. It was here in which there was an offer that sounded realistic; but also stood out in the specifics: An investor was looking to inject a large sum of money into the Merchant Project; they have been searching for more information and sought interaction based on this context. “There is nothing all too specific about this, why would you give this to me?”

“Well... considering that we are looking for investment...”

“Yes; but surely you know there is a process for that”

“Well, who better to discuss the Project in its details besides the project head themselves” Vanessa has an unerring tonality; and after a repetitive back and forth, I realise that I never really had the opportunity to say no in the first place.

And so we speak, and the conversation is engaging; and they seem receptive to the ideas, stating that they will get back to me. I find myself in this town by coincidence, attending the AGC (Annual Meeting of Global Citizens), and receive a call requesting conversation regarding the investment.

We are to meet at this bar here and there, just to arrive at the door, for we are expected. To consider that there is no rush in this sense, and that at their call, I could have responded from any place in the world, in any such time, and both parties would understand the inconvenience of major travels; but none of that was required, for it only makes things more complicated.

“It is here where I met you; but you were not my first point of contact” I say brashly.

“No, funny enough, that person has been serving you this evening. It was a favour; as much as I enjoy business, I am not interested in the specifics and would rather save myself for the moment beyond the gates of our greedy desires.”

“So you used money to catch my attention”

“But its not money I’m interested in, baby...” Daisies leans back with a smirk “...it’s ideological control”.

I think he understands that we are beyond this sense of investment, and flourishing, in which we present our cards in

some game of whose who; and to think of it happening so quick has me flustered. Nonetheless, we are still prodded into the confession of our interests:

“If we are to control an idea, we have essentially come to control money as a byproduct, I'm looking to understand how these systems work altogether, because I feel as though, if interconnected, there is the potential for an expansive understanding of such grand context...”

I am quiet, but my eyes are fluttering in Daisies direction. “...that is to say that I have a team here, working in communications; and we have been analysing recordings from an unidentified signal (who knows how long it takes to travel here), but they speak of this Black Disk; and this Disk somehow relates very closely to this Project of yours, I feel it”.

“And you would like to work together on such a project?” I say this as a breathing space to consider what he has just said about a radio broadcasting ideas relating to the Project, and I can only wonder who it could be that relays these messages. I am required to find out more; and to believe is to see the words manifest; but I am starting to slowly get a picture of who this person could be in a world.

“...so I do think that learning more about the specifics of such a procedure could be interesting, and to do this we would need to be a part of it”.

“Well, how can we comprehend the meaning of authenticity, for such a finding? Only then can we certify a spot for you and your team upon the project.”

“I can show you our workspace, the recordings and such, whatever narrative we can piece together from their communication”.

The guard maintains their position at the vehicle towards the early hours of morning, when Vanessa approaches in a surprisingly sober demeanour to exclaim that they would not require the vehicle tonight and would be staying at a place close by to continue negotiations in the morning.

Maybe she did that on her phone; but no matter, for the bed is quite comfy, these thoughts are warm. The AGC, needless to say, has been subverted at this point; Vanessa receives a message to say that all was successful in their presentation, with a general goodwill; but a little standoffish in their active participation. Gregory had said a satisfactory speech, and would have a good story to bring home to his friends. Everything continues at nominal rates.

..."good morning. so evidently as we have seen, the point of flashy colours is an exceptional tool for trade" it says in a malicious sprawling voice, reminiscent of rain clouds and lightning.

I know too well the nature of this fundament, says I, again.. for the rainclouds themselves remind me of some kind of rumbling, not real in the slightest sense.

I seem to have caught myself in a brisk winters breeze. it calms. again, "I am not sure when it ever starts"; but when it stops, I will be furious as to your whereabouts.

it is my mother, in a deep sardonic tone, over a flashy cigarette, she calls out to me again.. and I stand there, again. "waiting for you," she says "is not quite my forte, although seeing you so bright and early reminds me that you'll be here again soon"

I seem to remember her sometimes, in a passing moment, I think to myself, over a pissant cigarette in this deep rain slumber, the mortars crackle, as Ant sits by my side.

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# THE END OF THE MERCHANT PROJECT

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## Disambiguation

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"There is nothing left," he says, "for I have lost my wits.."  
Ant is a precarious young gentleman, sitting awkwardly upon a wicker chair, made of stone.

He seemed to have lost his wits around last Saturday, before he rode out with us in battalion 01, the first forces occupied upon the nu-war in A.

it happened so quick, he almost forgot that its build up has been happening for the past year, or at least 05, minutes ago..

"I can't seem to find the code, it is all wrong," he says again, quietly.

"This damn thing rumbles at any form of engagement I pass upon myself, as if some spider has caught me," in the wind. I am thinking then, when I last saw such a meagre face appear so gaily upon my forehead, exclaiming with such honesty, the set of events that had lead us to this place, in one way or another; we lay together, although last week's ash, burning strong in my present memory; so we are still marching somewhere blue.

"There is no code" says another gentleman, strewn across us in the dark night sky.. "all I see is the gaunt sun shining upon the bosom".

I could not believe him, besides in my cloudy avail, but here I struck the memory.

"Yes, it was about a winter's morn, as similar as this could be", they stood across from me, wailing loudly some babyish talk of their adulthood, rising into fortune from the great days coming.



The school was yellow from whence we came; it was a private school of some kind, subsidised by the government of Port 01; that place, my home of sorts, from where I was born.

We were all born there together, and it seemed as though we arrived at this point all at the same time, in some synchronous coincidence, although to think of it...

We seemed to have all been born on the same day, except for that gent next to us, who seems quite a lot older, now that I peruse across the strewn out face stretching the words..

"longer and longer, now, we wait.." mortar crackled, into the past.. whoever they were. "wait for what, I am sure we will be told tomorrow."

"I cannot wait that long" says I, to Ant, in a whisper, for the gent seems to have lulled off into his own conversation.. who would have thought they are still speaking to us.

"dude, fuck this notepad", it works no good having the sense of direction that every word, once again, represents this abstracted code.. Of, that gentleman upon the cold summer morn, in 72'.

"it works much better with some form of *presentability*" Ant says, knowing full well that in giving up some of his pride, he manages to lace himself with thick bugs in his hair..

scratching, he looks to me again:

"Lice, can't get rid of em; but I guess you can't see Them either.. "

I'm not exactly sure of what he speaks, as I protrude through the silence.

"I hate bugs, you see; and over here I feel as though we are forced to get used to them"

He slaps the mosquito on his arm; and I shudder. I cannot quite feel it, I think to myself, although I have some strange sentiment towards this thing that permits sucking.

Within the Suck itself we are prescribed noises in the night, through the sentiment of feint whispers, of air it seems. The coolness thickens into damp icicles; and heated enemies call out into the distance. The battalion only formed, again, about 6 months toward a day; into the ashen past..

Or however many moons one decides to count, if they had the time, save for the philosophers of Night; he called out to me, my Commander, our outstretched brother, thinned to Time into unrecognizable authority.

Standing out in the front of us, calling by name, each numbered candidate coerced into its systemic mechanism. Ant was the one I noticed, grimacing as his name was picked to join us in Battalion, or at least, I would not have known, until I was called shortly after.

There must have been at least a thousand of us, that morn, huddled together into the maggot chamber, with our sisters calling out to us from the side lines.

Anonymous flowers and roses taint the streets and tempt each dazzling unit with a feat of triumph, as we step over them in a booted unison, upon the ground, the cars marched; and the robot sang its song with its green light booming from the distance.

“Hooting cars all around, it damn well frustrates the living daylight out of me.” He says, hooting his car from what I seemed to have remembered. The irony of it all struck as a ticking clock, each moment passed, throbbing into my head the blood cells circulate causing some kind of disturbance

through the catatonic brain infection.. The ringing tinnitus splayed across the rest of us too, until we awoke, at least. I cannot say exactly when the game stopped, or where we were at this or that time; but I could hear the footsteps ever so clearly now, of some kind of heeled boot in a bright room, and to that I knew, I did not want to be there.

“Someone always has to be there” I was told again, standing behind the trained artillery man. “You just have to hope that your Radioman has given you the correct coordinates”.

But alas, within this Cooper, myself and Ant felt a relish of excitement, driving down the antiquitous roadways, blaring out a hoot for a damsel without distress, hoping to form some kind of calamity in her effervescent brainstream.

“These whores know nothing of rape” he chatters along, calmly, “all too busy with their dear husbands too scared to kill; and so I bet they are secretly aligned to a good pounding”.

“and so maybe they might enjoy it” came a voice from behind my seat, in a lull; and so Ant was pushed on to his blabbering as I sat and listened perusively, as though not in the slightest bit my concern for listening to its trickle.

“...and it always trickles” says Ant, again, looking out into the rain of night lit up occasionally by these blasted cigarettes; burning away the city to ash. Although ash it already is when I lay eyes upon it for that first time. I suppose we all kind of knew when we were born together, that nothing like this could ever last for so long; and so in the schools we jeer; and the universities align the sneer.

Snickering back and forth, I can now tell nothing more than the bleak stone from which we sit; and without any light besides that of fire and the moon, and not our fire; but

rather the one caused by our Radioman, or Commander, or “whoever the hell is watching this shithole from up there; I wish they would send me a chocolate bar” exclaimed a shadowed figure, to a brief laughter, acknowledging some form of impossibility, save for the 50mm mortars they treated us to, as snacks.

Although the artillery man might have told me different, if I were ever actually listening to his stupid remarks, for I was not interested in backline warfare; and so come to find myself in the front, with a door here and there; and maybe a car or two.. Sometimes they would have driven past us and waved as we walked on by, or perhaps looked grievously at the state of affairs that was not to be expected for at least another generation. The door had opened for me at each interval I was prescribed, and so I started to realise I was being monitored for my time; and was required to pay not even a penny for what blasted behaviour I allowed myself to get up to..

“It only seems to get worse the more domesticated I become” says John, to himself, somewhat out loud, as he perused over that cigarette, and this time a dark brew black coffee he saw on the television once. John, on this hand, was quite an interesting fellow, if we are to consider a parrot all the more interesting than a cross-breed fish of some kind. Not to say that John thought any of this uninteresting to say the least, for then he would have to acknowledge all things around him to be somewhat dull, considering there is no room for comparison anymore, in this room he was lead between.

The night sky lighting itself with beautiful thunderous sounds; and a crackle of lightning here and there..

The homeless, he thinks to himself, are better off now than never, considering the rain has subsided for at least a week now.. It seems as though it is just the dry air, foreboding some kind of electronic sickness upon the city he resides within.. Antantic City, or Ant City, for short, resides in the larger hemisphere of his mind as of late, whatever he decides to make of it, for yes, another John born into the city of light on about days one; and none. Although this service driven metropolis allows quaintly for John to reside quite comfortably upon some form of wicker chair, a wooden one, he feels, as he generatively falls back into its rigid embrace. "Baby, dinner is ready!" she calls out from around the corner; and so John gets up ecstatic for his third meal of the day, including snacks and beverages to keep him along his arduous trod into pointlessness.

"Oh! Thank you once again, dear Matilda, for whipping up some of your magic once again." John says this in a point-fully polite tone as he proceeds to look at Matilda for perhaps a moment, before embarrassment sheds him away from his more perverse attitude.

Yes, Matilda is the mother of John, although in this sense, their biological differentiation has somewhat extended their relations to a contractual marriage, for no one has yet to explain how John and Matilda met at the sullen age of 27; and 24, respectively, upon a holiday into the Zone E (E for holiday, which is where all of the Antantic City pledgers go in order to arrange some form of holiday, or interaction between shadowed souls).

It had to do with the spontaneity they all sought, and so this dinner for John was quite pleasant, considering he seemed to forget what he was doing shortly afterwards, meaning each

next meal could be just as exciting as the ash he left behind him.

"Do you remember when we first met?" he asked, expecting some form of explanation, in return,

"oh yes, I know you love the story.." as she prepares to explain it like it was yesterday, "...we met by the wicker chair at the bar, in Zone E; and no one can explain it quite like that first moment in which we locked eyes onto one another" such as a sniper upon its mark, Matilda goes on to explain the love affair she dearly wishes she could have had with any other man, multiple times over.

John hears it with ecstasy each time, for it seems as though nothing quite so exciting has ever come his way since that point, in which he actually asserted himself into an opportune moment, and seized it as the man he was brought up not to be.

You see, the service driven industry of Ant City creates johns for this feminising role; and Matilda, without knowing it, has pushed herself so deeply, so dearly into John with her claws that no woman seems to compare, save for all of the others that John could have seen, had he had walked into the bar at any other occasion.

The matilda's grew up in another section of Ant city, around where the john's reside, except parallel due to familial planning of the direct biological sort, in which the fathers are so warped as to their views of the bitch, that they might as well pay for their *sex life* for the rest of *their* life.

Hence, it actually becomes difficult and somewhat piteous for John himself to actually care as to who fucks her and who imagines doing it, upon their daily stroll through Nowhere Town, which lies between Ant City and Zone E.

Within Nowhere Town, John's think, that this place is beautiful in its money desire, for here John can buy whatever he so darn pleases, in order to acquire that sense of gratification that he works so hard for, labouring away within his domestic residence, in order to keep himself and Matilda afloat; and so for dinner, John is pleased to expect his varietal meal of beans, chicken, soup; potatoes and rice, with a dollop of ice cream for dessert, splayed with a tasty ceremonious handling of hot chocolate sauce; and some fine wine shared between the two of them.

They generally don't tend to finish the bottle, for that would be rude of them; and so rather choose to throw it away with the rest of their three-quartered meal, for their stomachs are apparently not big enough for such an affair, and so rather choose to create for themselves a viewing of the corpses, littered upon the gentrified table top.

Upon this finicky dressing, lies splintered wood apparel, metal forks and knives for cutting, scalpels for dissecting; and fuel within suspended clay that adds to the romantic allure of their un-confessed burial.

It all gets packed away neatly at the end of the meal, in order to subsidise the next occasion, for then they can save what money they deem to be important, for the next batch of victims to lie, packed upon the table top, awaiting their sultry reawakening.

"Thank you for dinner, my love" he says in a soft tone.

"All the welcomes I can give" as she breathes heavily under her... breath, turning her head quaintly, the whore then starts to pack everything up as John gets back to work doing nothing, again.

"It all has to do with the fandangling Politic.." John goes on to write, unable to come to swear, for this is against his domestic rule set. "...This lover of life, who aids us all through impoverishment by providing us with well-deserved jobs to which we can all be acquainted, and thankful for". John does not want to speak too harshly here, although under his breath, too, we can identify some kind of suppression that lies not so far from that of the nu-age Gestapo. Although I suppose at this point, John should not really be aware of what he speaks of; and actually would be conversing about the Politic with a sense of dignified respect, as if there is really some kind of benevolent figure in this world, that distributes the systems of wealth accordingly to those who deserve it; although, in this sense, none of the john's are actually aware of where their money comes from, somewhat derived through a Government grant, provided by this guy and that on television, John is happy to watch the rally and support the group effort at saving those poor homeless people through government aid, and non-profit organised syndicates.. "...organisations..." John has a quaint smile on his face, as he pleads for his happiness upon the paper. He seems to be writing an article for the daily New; and so he comes to create the headline:

**"NEW NPO ON THE BLOCK, BEAUTIFUL ORGANISED  
ORGANISATION SAVES CITY"**

Matilda, on the other hand, is drawing a picture of a big black piano, with the perspective background zooming into the national head offices, for she so loves those beautiful head offices.



There is a light jazz playing in the background; and both of them are stumbling in its tune, although to each other, it would seem like some kind of mating dance.

“A death sentence, I tell you” he tells John over the phone, preparing to go the bar...

It is all very planned out over the phone, for they are required to make these plans solid for the operator to intercept so that we are each aware of the curfew that we are required to walk out upon.

By the time John gets to the door, the taxi is already waiting for him; and the credits have already been paid, so really he just puts his head down and gets in, forgetting for a moment that Matilda even existed.

“Good evening” he says with a chuckle, now remembering that he forgot to say goodbye; although after the driver says nothing, he has a moment to backtrack along the way, to the point in which he actually had to ask her for the keys before he left, murmuring to her as she stopped her beautiful little picture, seemingly quite annoyed that she could not finish, although just as an excuse really, cause “...when is the painting ever finished?” he remembers asking her, in a sense, to remove himself of his own guilt upon the subject of intervention.

“See you later” the driver whispers, without turning their head, which somewhat alarms John; but he is quite used to it now, having been brought up within Ant City all his life, or at least from what he can remember... And OH!

The lights are so beautiful out here, as he looks towards the night bar, playing a soft jazzy music, he stumbles around all the others walking in some shadowed unison; and there he sees his best mate, for at least forever now.. John waits patiently at the bar, sipping on a tasty Pina Colada, for he had

arrived here before John, and with a turn of his head, indicative of some attentive spasm, he puts on his best outfit, as the two proceed closer to each other with half-hearted smiles:

“hey! Long time no see buddy”

“yes, it has been ages my good friend, I saved a seat just for you!” it was as if the johns were about to hug; but their fortuitous straightness and gentle wives prevented them from doing so, and rather they choose to mix it up between a half shake and fist bump, before being seated awkwardly somewhat out of beat to the jazz in the background (which is quite difficult, considering jazz these days has no beat)

“which just adds even more to the aroma of shit!” he goes on to blabber.

“Woah... John, I don’t think it so bad to exclaim anything as... that *doodoo* word” says John

“No you don’t get it, it is like.. a double word! I love my job! It is all quite orderly and everything works exactly to what I most desire in this world.” He goes on slower, “yes, everything I would have wanted, at my fingertips because I’m not sure what it is anyways.”

The johns sit together for a while now; and the bar is quite smoky.. Matilda has walked past at least a dozen times; but John doesn’t really notice because John continuously exclaims to him that Jessica looks attractive; and that it reminds him of his own wife, to whom he loves dearly; and at no point would ever think of detracting from in any way, name and form, only meaning it as a form of respect, to which “he accepts the presence of his mot.. wife.. in all aspects of his life”

“because I love her, and not anyone else” John goes on to finish his own sentence.

It is all quite flabbergasted.

Ant never really went to sleep, I realised, upon my awakening.. the artillery seemed to have quietened down a bit after that last blow, ringing in my ears, or maybe I just didn't care enough anymore, hoping that the mortar would strike me quickly in my sleep, alas it seemed not to, for I can still remember my childhood; and the face of Ant, which reminds of that organisation some time ago, when we were accepted into Battalion 01, or whatever the fuck.. I don't think Ant had the same idea as me in his mind, for his eyes were sharp and empty as I came to look up at him through the morning limelight. Had he ever in his life actually killed an enemy? For in that moment, it seemed as though the mortars put him into a trancelike position in which he might have felt somewhat justified in its approach.

Although all of us in this little bunker knew what would happen if we raised our heads, or moved from this position until given the appropriate heads up, for the enemy seemed to be a team full of snipers.. you never saw any of them; and I think this is what rained on Ant perhaps more than the mortars being shelled so close to us in regards to our own artillery-mans' coordinates.

"these goddamn fuckers, bombing their own fuckers" all this time, it really felt like we were some kind of green target, between the red and blue; although in this sense we are now running away from the blue colour? None of us were quite sure yet, and so the gent in the back kind of just played this harmonica thing until the strings bust.

It would have to take a substantial amount of playing apparently; but sometimes, when a shell hit, he just played the note extra hard, perhaps as a means of comfort; and sometimes I felt like I could actually hear the sound of music, over these blasted airwaves.

As to what year it was anymore is beyond me... the johns have yet to multiply, it seems to have been written in blood.. Probably in Ants' blood, before the city was actually named; but the Ant by my side would not have been the prestigious one to get the award of having a city named after him.. no rather it would be due to some kind of typing error, in that BATALLION would have been autocorrected *BATANTLION*; and so the writer of the future did not really care as to any of the hardships that those fellows would have seen before their bunkers were flooded with napalm.

“as to whether I would like bat.. or ant” says the stringly market-man, with a monocle to imply his cultivated nature.. “ant seems more applicable, yes, because the bat is what caused the disease in the first place; and the customers will be detracted from its name, being the tourists of Ant City Zone E, yes..”; and so the editor picked ANT because the market-man picked ANT because that one guy in the headlines wrote ANT in some peculiarity of thought, allowing for the city to become a bustling metropolis, filled with savvy schemes of planned out affairs, of the bean kind.

BAT CITY was then given to those other guys after the warfare had died out; and yet they still produced some kind of beauty, in the way that their factories rose high above that of the blue collar, stretching an arm here or there, at least each character in this community had a name, although none that are too important to read out loud; and so it gets summarised into its john category.

Hard workers; and vibrant social communities, THESE johns were of another specialist kind, able and willing to break rock; and also destroy all of those plants and animals that the

other johns could not hold their stomachs to; and would rather have eaten at breakfast.

It's a tough life, out here in BATANT cities, among the periphery of Starshine...

Actually just a load of crap, quite sarcastic in its tone; but no one has to know, except for John and the Gestapo. Which just adds to the nature of its prescribed execution..

How can the Gestapo NOT see this? For they are in fact the ones doing it, by reading ones' mind, even through the tinfoil hats!

Tinfoil acting as some kind of retardant, which shuffles the others onto forever thinking; and then the OTHER repetitive thinkers just amplify their brainwaves onto the server, in which Aluminium as an element acts as some kind of façade..?

"I don't know what the fuck" Ant says.. I don't think he has ever heard of aluminium in his whole life, save for the idea that his thoughts are being read by the Gestapo..

Although for Ant it doesn't matter, on the *backline*, all he can do is sit and wait for his brainwaves to line to dirt, back to whence it came?

Although to go backwards here, Ant would have had to come from another piece of dirt, altogether, or else the narrative would not have lined up in its printable sense.

The story has to be traced, says the journalist, in their mind, as they proceed to trace stories, essentially making it up from nowhere. This is how Nowhere Town starts in the first place; and it is a desolate place... barren limbo, in which the rats and cockroaches perspire, although the rats and cockroaches here have some form of leniency akin to their ignorance, or perhaps complete *norance* towards reality; whereas, the paparazzi of a journalist club, sincerely deserve to die,

somewhat peacefully; but also guilt ridden for their useless attire and riddance into every other persons livelihood, to sack them from their own jobs in order to justify ones actions.

This is not a good sign; and is generally prerequisite for one to now be Quiet.

In this sense, the journalist does not like the way in which the story is going; and should rather choose to subvert, proving their idiotic nature; and ironizing their whole event.

It is a pity that this has to happen AFTER the point in which BATANT has been serialised into the coded framework of the operability of Ones' country and world.

And so what of BATTALION? Those who are now thrust into the world of pseudo-realism, in which their feelings of pain are actually justified through the seering tinnitus of being bombed by their own fathers.

## Not Sure

“Welcome to the rending of illiterate pain” sprawled across the pages. In this sense, the john’s would describe illiterate pain as that which is felt by those who cannot conceptualise; and so in this sense the closest point of focus would be to look at Ant, within Battalion; and how he must have burnt through to the bone once the last mortar had struck the bunker, or perhaps to his comrades who decided to turn to blue; and ended up in the castration chambers of G. Wa, the illustrious business gang of corporates.

However, here in Ant City, long after such anguish, we can somewhat identify with John; and his secretive and yet prolonged hate for Matilda, and vice versa, into which we can identify a sort of Stockholm Syndrome present in their unending relationship, in which the johns can now confront each other at the bar; and Matilda is left sprawling her wishes upon the canvas, to finally see these vast colours of the Government halls.

Within the service industry then, we can identify illiterate pain as that which is purely imagined; and so left untouched, ready for a more than willing Ant to be picked by some kind of “pick out of the hat” chance, to which the commander can release their vice upon such a morbid and lethargic body. Slow in the sense that Ant could never quite get out of that bunker, for any direction he were to run in, their life would have been cut short; and the only thing they could hold onto in this moment or the next, was the quaint harmonica of the gent in the back, awaiting some sullen fate, or rise into eternity.

As for the johns, the furthest they can really go is to the bar, for their curfew is locked into their own sense of self-doubt, induced through the subconscious fear construct, in which

they literally cannot confront what they cannot see, that being anything beyond the door of a taxi, leading them straight towards the bar, in which the ample lighting prevents them from seeing any further than the cigarette which they can so pleasantly buy, from the machine.

Unable to make any gesture of a goodnight kiss, the johns say goodbye sternly, and hop into their designated rides home, subsidised through paternal government funding; and overtly enforced through the radio antenna of the brain, in which the G. Wa Gang, or GWG, can now monitor ones heart rate, from at least a distance of 10 000km, or miles or whatever people actually use as a metric system outside of Wherever, which have now been designated through zoning laws..

To even use such blasphemous wording would attribute us to some kind of surveyed prison sentence. In which some characters are not even permitted the sight of a flower, save for some form of execution, although generally for the johns of Ant City, their prescribed flowers are designated at the Parks section, somewhere around Nowhere Town.

Matilda, as the house bitch, is sometimes allowed to go out with her fellow matilda's, in the form of a bus trip to Park sections, in which they can pick one flower each and take it home for painting and documentation purposes.

This is used as a form of flower control, for every so often, the flowers are designated as "untidy" by the general public, and through anonymous consensus taken through antenna messaging, the GWG is then able to plan accordingly as to which Park section should be culled; and which should be.. *protected*.

I suppose this is good for the journalist, for now the matilda's, or jessica's or britney's, or *joncina's* can now send



their adored images to New Network, in which they can be curated; and generally edited by the johns in order to publish and maintain some sense of credibility in its masculine presentation, such as with more zoning, or the nightly New, or some kind of doctor that can now discuss with all their other doctors through the Psycho-Logistics department in order to effectively diagnose each matilda character with their own sense of hypochondria; and so each matilda must then submit their images to New Network, with a name and address; and also a brief explanation of why they decided to paint their picture as such..

New law also states that each matilda must now also include an image of their face and body alongside each drawing, with exact measurements as to their cup size, foot size, waist length, body height, and also general facial proportions (the last one is made optional, obviously).

The johns are generally okay with this kind of attitude, considering the whole john network within Ant City is actually designated to work inside of this service industry; and so in one way or another find themselves connected to, and perpetuating the natural order of New Network.

This would then mean, that as time goes on, each john can now become acquainted with each matilda, through the anonymous distribution of each through the subtle conversation of their wives respect.

Each matilda, however, is not allowed to see any john, except for Their John, in which they are to serve with utmost respect, while also making sure to paint many pictures of the infamous big black piano (also including the office heads in the background, with a perceptive focus on perspective). It is important that all culture then be documented by matilda's; and also all dinner to be cooked as such for when

their tired John arrives back from a long day of respectful galavanting.

John arrives back from the bar:

“hello honey, I am back from work”

It was a tough shift. “good evening my lovey dovey; and how was the johns today?” she thinks twice because she imagines another john to have a bigger penis; although little does she know, they are all the same. The shift just gets tougher from here guys, although as we can see, John is not aware yet.

“Yes they were good”... firstly, HE was not good, it was only one john, and they were pretty much complaining the whole time.

“Oh that’s good” she pecks him on the cheek.

In this sense there are many ways to make it worse; but in Ant City it is quite difficult for a matilda to really do anything at all, mainly cause I am bored, so like...

“Matilda, I am quite tired, can I please have some sugar, baby?”

Yes, Matilda is surprised, John is not usually this direct, or assertive; and so she is somewhat turned on.

“why yes; but first let me get you a refreshing beverage from the ice cold REFRIDGERATOR, produced by NamCo Packaging (pty) Ltd, in which we can acquire a Jonssin Beer, and I can then proceed to open its tipped top (acclimated by Rubber Co) with my STEEL bottle opener, which has been imported all the way from Bat City, by HG Transport, on behalf of the company Tom Cutlery”

And now John and his face warped into a smirk:

“oh baby, you know how to turn me on” as he flipped out a cigarette box, held one to his mouth; and then proceeded to drop it into the dustbin (John is not a smoker, smoking is bad for you, he just buys the cigarettes) “I can’t be heaving now

as I proceed to thrust into such a fine damsel in distress, who requires the utmost delicacy and respect from such a man as myself” flipping the lid of the NamCo dustbin, then receiving the beer from, NamCo fridge... his wife sits on his lap upon the soft seated NamCo couch; and they proceed to have quietus intermittently, for John has to take a break every minute or so to cool down from this intense aromatic heat, pausing occasionally to sip his ice cold refrigerated beer.

He eventually orgasms into a tissue that Matilda was keeping close by, for she is somewhat repelled by the state of semination; and although they have spoke of children, they do believe it to be a sin against god, to accurately ejaculate direct seminal fluid into the vaginal cavity, without the express consent of GWG allowing for the children quota to increase in Ant City, for as they all say:

“EVERY JOHN IS ACCOUNTED FOR”

## “Except For Those We Miss”

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Fuck that is funny; although no one is thinking it, because there is no TV in Bat City, for any of the Big Dick Johns to see anymore, it was initially wiped away in Year-One Fallout. And so due to some kind of survival necessity, the Johns of Bat City resolve themselves through orgies and togetherness strained by hellfire and molten lava through the smelter. As good as it sounds, you really have to be there to witness it, or else you will probably be killed as some kind of outsider, unable to pitch the right weight.

Bat City Johns are then the worst kind, but in the best way, considering their primitive brains have not internally reproduced enough for them to actually use their strength, and communal leverage to coordinate for themselves a lifestyle that represents anything different from what they usually do... and so here, to differentiate with some form of simple obviousness – these Johns were not designed to be smart upon the smart standard; and so their jobs are beautifully normal, for just as with the smarter service industry block, which is then individualised – each John is somewhat disconnected. From what? Well it seems as though no one really knows.

Although the Johns embrace togetherliness, apart from one another through the distribution of a common currency, what has centralised into a credit system as of late. The GWG is then the most prestigious land owning group in the whole country, and no John will tell you different. And so this is to imply, that in each country; and every country, the GWG is the most prestigious of land owners;

and like..."nobody knows?" asks john, concerned about how he found a hair in his cereal box this morning..

"I cannot believe that they would put a darn hair into my cereal! I must call customer support at once, and so receive another package for this rendition of fate.." John cannot get too angry, upon his chair, although the general frustration of knowing that this hair is, in fact, not cereal, confuses him somewhat; and makes him unable to stomach anything else residing in the box of – Krisp Flake 01- .

He throws it in the bin, after writing down the number for customer support.

It seems as though there is a forced obligation for John now, considering he has received another 5 boxes of Krisp Flakes, and so now is required to finish each in a required period of time, because apparently these flakes tend to go off over time, although as to its timelessness, no one will really know, because besides it seeming like foreverness in Johns' mind, time tends to change when we least expect it, probably repeating itself with some sense of forgetfulness as to how one has gotten here in the first place.

Perhaps a moment ago, a GWG representative *leader*, John John was perspired in their zone of poverty, without the laden assistance of their million and one assets to assist them in living in a peaceful garden, alone. Where he could now eat what he pleases, being really nothing, for JJ is not actually hungry, in and of itself; although being led by this family of matilda's in which JJ always sought after their illustrious femininity, he finds himself quite slobby at the forceful eating of whatever leftover the bitch would preside for him to eat, as a means of justifying her own eating habits, which, routed in the art of nothingness, still felt laden with some kind of

guilt as to how thick or thin a subject in Towns is supposed to be..

Yes, to receive this food seems like a godsend – but looking at the five boxes imported by GWG, John looks inquiringly at his own actions, for in the end, he is the one who got angry at himself for not eating that strand of hair, blowing out of proportion the nature of how much efficacy one is to bring upon him, in which everything that is asked for, is actually provided 1000 times over, within the quantitative service driven world.

John now cannot stop eating, he realises he has been designed to do so, in order to satiate the endlessness of desire that cannot be achieved in Ant City, because every door is closed in this damp corridor, as they proceed to look up, and all around them, noticing the faint footsteps again.

“the head is filled with grease” the one voices says.

“scalpel please” says another; and John blinks an eye, and shrugs it off, looking back at his box of Krisp Flakes..

“Lice are attracted to greasy dandruff, you should wash it with Wash Away the Pay Shampoo; and Conditioner, all in one.. I got it from the Pharm at Road 4” says the one character to the other, whoever really cares as to who these people are anymore..

We are all watching succinctly through their radioactive eyeframes, which act as a sort of camera device within a skinsuit of shit, built up through the aggregates we force ourselves to eat through the self-induced guilt complex.

“no, I like the other shampoo, by JY Shamp; and this is because I have seen them before, yes, I know this route

better than that route; and so rather would choose to lather my skin in this tentative drowel, in comparison to the next” she lied. Although not quite lying, moreso the fearful non-confrontation of a moment mixed with its other.

All the doors seemed to have shut for the johns and matildas sometime after Ant disintegrated.. Battalion disintegrated; and everyone is left dead.

In all honesty, there is nothing that each of us can rightly do anymore, besides indulge in the obligation that we do not actually want, because evidently, there is always something more; even if that is in the image of less... and such is the curse of the service driven industry, in that there is just too much; and too many people to enforce it through its majoritive judgement which ends you straight into the psycho-logistical hall, with your brain being splattered, without its skull being opened.

Within Ant City, the Psycho-logistical pointman is then the entity that degrades you through its false sentiment towards help and helplessness, taking your truthful understanding of a feral reality; and subsiding it into a mania inducing domestic trance in which we can now work everyday for the same set of keys we are prescribed through money, which then just keeps us coming back, because it is never enough money to actually do anything of value.

And this is where the Bat City johns are then caught, because value itself is not found in the money, moreso how the money is used in a social context to permit one to their feral desires, which are hard to come to terms with, if every single person in the city believes them not to be true due to some kind of timeous suppression.

“it is a hard life” says the corpse of Ant, who now lies muddled in the dirt, although Anto has filled his place today,

and very quickly, Battalion 02 has set up a pretty looking sand bunker on top the dead armys' shit.

These guys got it good though, they have been fitted out with sniper detectors; and long range HMG things in order to really get to the bottom of the opposition, so that they can finally get out of the firing line of the Radio, and Artillery man.

You would think the battalion here has a radioman with them; but each soldier here carries a radio direct to the Radioman, who resides by the Commander, inside of their house thing, wherever that may be; and so from there the orders are transferred to the artilleryman, who then lives a bit closer, allowing for mortars to be dropped succinctly upon some position.. problem here is that the radios are somewhat defunct, and really just highlight ones position and interests; and so the Commander, and Radioman really just shoot in the general direction; hoping that something gets hit, for it seems as though the city planning has arranged for this area, and that area to be rearranged..

So kind of like a demolition, so that stocks can be reinvested in at a later date; and money can be made from each uniform that is desecrated, and so required to be replaced... probably by the GWG.

If the clothes keep on coming back, then there would be no point to make anymore, and so quite pointfully, it actually seems important to destroy one's own man, for now it seems like sports teams representing the stock of business.

What a waste of time, whoever tells themselves that..

Why can we not just be grateful that we are here; and this is evidently because it really fucks everything up for all others that are here too... Now we can see that the opposition are living in the shit, because the commander time delayed their



techno-logistics by giving them snipers; and so now that all the snipers have been rend from bone by the HMG, we can send in a new set of HMG blasters, which are also fitted with fancy detectors and such and such.. the commander then sends them in on the other side as Battarion 02, filled with the resent of having to build upon their dead brothers. This creates some kind of machine, and it just gets prettier, when we start to observe the johns of Ant City, complaining about their cereal, calling the support line which connects to Line City which the connects to Survey City, which then organises a truck to Bat City in order to source the Boxes created by Box Company (pty)ltd under Licencing of Licensing Company which then acquires authority to Licence from the GWG, which then enforces their authority by hiring the last guy in line of Battarion 09, who thinks he just missed out on a great experience; but now is obliged to travel to this or that place in order to deliver this guy his cereal. And then John complains to him about the hair when he sees Antoninin89, because like.. seriously, either we complain straight to the Radioman, which then goes to the Commander and then distributed to the Gestapo, or we can just complain straight to the guy in our face like they are going to give two shits about it... Little does John know that he is paying for Antoninin89's mortar shell, literally with his name on it, in the next couple, by buying that tasty bowl of cereal, again, because he kind of forgot that he had five other boxes in his cupboard?

GWG rocks up at Johns' house:

"Good morning John, we have identified you as J109872728475758383736696783628, and are required to let you know that your sales are short this evening"

Gestapo gang doesn't really have to inquire as to anything more than sales being short, for this is enough for John to lose all placidity of thought and subsume to his knees, unwittingly waiting for the gun to be placed upon his head. "no worries though, we are just going to have to subsidise your work days and holidays in order to make up for the word that you mentioned.. on the 68<sup>th</sup> of day 6, 466522 (blah blah) in which you mentioned the word –doodoo-, in which John residing by you might have felt some form of offense" "yessir, I understand"

"And we have also spoken to John – J6544344436732453, although it is understandable that his wording was used under an authorised context, as designated between himself and Radioman at the time, and so he will be dealt with accordingly, although you guys aren't friends anymore"

And so from that day on, John had a resent for John, although they would never see it, because the taxi just took them to different bars; and separate occasions, in order to acquiesce with another john in order to satiate the desire for spontaneous interaction.

## THE END

Never ends, we are literally killing ourselves over a suspended time element, by providing ourselves with the agitants that permit us to continue. Why does everything feel so smooth? In terms of a story element, there is not really anything to bank on, because the time element itself stops existing as the narrative disintegrates.

So then we can make the assumption that while you are reading this, we are already dead.

Dead in the past tense, as in this never happened, in the present as though this is already solidified; and then dead into the future as we proceed to suspend the inanimate corpse into animation.

And so the only vie for life one can attest to is within these suspended moments in which we can conceptualise mechanical emotion, which really is then some kind of trapmakers art, in which livestock are led to their feed in order to supply an ever demanding energy consumption akin to that of a black hole.

The suspension of animation is then a process of looking back at those dead things and reminiscing about them within our own sullen context which permits us to act out our own portrayal of boredom, which is then hard to conceptualise, considering that boredom is not filled with fun; but rather with a logistical sense of movement, in which aggregates move from one place to another, for the sake of affirming its existence as that thing that moves.

Such as with coffee, which is now designated coffee by the johns that cut it, who see it as money, the ones who grow it, who see it as money; and then the ones who consume it, who see it as livelihood, or some kind of affirmative action that provides the entity with a sense of comfort, knowing

that we have come to achieve some sort of this or that in the identification system of the johns, whatever coffee is to a john...

I wish I could explain with more specificity, the nature of an ant (and not Ant, or any subject within Ant City); but rather a designated ant subject within the larger community of Antius Ferrous from which each soldier ant moves around to transport the feed to their queen. For these ants would probably not identify coffee, as they would also not quite identify their antship or their queenship; and rather designate for themselves some kind of role in a community, in which each ant pushes each other on the basis of pheromones, which is about as feral as it gets...

And as to the way in which these ants can streamline the antics, are inconceivable to that of a this or that, for each subject resides with their own sense of smarts.. probably somewhat generated by the GWG, as a leading figure in the construction of money as a social element for manipulation and anonymous distribution of sense desire.

It is all quite terribly hopeless; and so there is no more desire to really write, besides as a blabber.. which is then considered to be raw information, which can never find itself actually refining itself save for in these disjunct moments, once again, making a call back to all other shit in which we exist to blah.

Satisfaction lost, humanity realised...

We can now look back on our actions, and judge ourselves.. moreso because we have nothing else to do besides that which we have created for ourselves, to resent.

“It really feels like we did something” he says in a tone, feeling as though his brain has now been hardwired to see it in everything that comes to be.

This world now provides nothing, not in the sense that there is nothing; but rather that all tallies that have come beforehand have been wiped clean, and so evidently what we have to show for it is nothing more than scratch.

“and it all disappears with time” she says quietly, as we now are aware that it will never be done again, in quite that way, and in this sense, all history is to be kept for as long as possible, which is against the code, for in it states the continuity of all things; and the questioning of how it all interrelates into the distance of time, for now we exist in silence, and as such will continue to exist in silence until that other guy comes along and takes what is rightfully ours.

Ours in the sense that all johns quantitatively witness each scene from an angle that is quite singular to each of them; and so no john will be able to tell from which angle the blade cuts, besides in the ways that we look back upon the dead machine beating horses as with a race designed to funnel money to the guy who made it all, evidently not real, for now no one exists there anymore to take it.

The shadows are the things that then eat the remains for they are the ones who cannot see what it has betoken in the first place; and so feel no judgement as to its eatery, in which the corpse lies desolate, even from the vultures, who have picked the bone clean off of its sinew.

Sinew having already been acquired by the jackal.

The bone then comes before, in which the vulture watches the preponderous act of hunting take place, allowing for everything to complete itself before they can eviscerate the core becoming of the beast itself.

To say that the bone has been constructed first, awaiting the vulture to apply its tourniquet in backwards motion, watching the beast being put together again in reverse: the bone is then always first; and so the middle ground being tainted by those that hunt for it all too incredulously, they attack without any sense of remorse towards the herbivorous being, which then feeds off of the remains of the living fungus in its state of unerring, and continuous screaming.

In this sense, the beastly herbivore rips apart the trees and plants, destroying what is not there, for everything is already dead anyways.

Evidently we have done nothing; and so the johns of Ant City perspire into nothingness, again, eating the Krispy Flake cereal, slowly, thinking about the judgement of the political trimester..

Three seasons, allowing for each participant to judge each other, while the third watches, as the vulture does, waiting for the juicy beginning to leach itself into appearance, mending skin from bone and displacing the archaeology of thought into somewhat of a distant memory, in which the vulture evidently might not be watching anymore, simply perusing for some form of inanimate matter that lies already stricken and maggot filled, so that perhaps it might acquire some form of extra protein.

Permitting the maggots to timeless death, 10 000 times over, although there lies its bait, without any form of prison to hold it within, for none can so quickly produce 10 000 prisons as it can rather permit them to the Stockholm of life, in which one is only permitted to slug around, enjoying the nature of its eating self, unable to wander further than this or that grain of salt, in which it is ironically blessed into its repetition in time, safe to commit the atrocity it feels necessary, for it

does not know any better. John continues to eat his cereal; and recently Matilda has been feeling a little less flustered, occasionally opening up to a bit more of a “good day”; and rather accepting itself in his presence as a more “I feel like this ” or “I feel like that”, in which she can now openly discuss her dim-witted emotions to him; and vice versa, allowing for a more open playing field as to who really is the whore on the battlefield this day.

Ant is alive again, although somewhat in the distance, as he wakes up in warm, and soft blankets among the fellows of his rank, in some kind of dormitory block, he is able to eat his cereal before walking out into the chitter chatter halls, persuaded by his desire to love and hate without any knowledge as to why he is there in the first place, besides in that he is now born there, commended by his colleagues, as they each do what each other does, walking around the streets of Nowhere Town, looking for a meal and a conversation with destiny.. the whore.

Destiny, then, capitalised, whoever she may come to be, this succubus figure, is now following us around, for she had identified Ant in that one place somewhere, while he was drinking a beer with his mates; and this time pluralised, because Ant exists in another time, in which he walks to the bar; and pays with money, hand to hand, found in some way, he must have asked a person or two here and there, or done this one thing that involves some form of gentle labour.. in which each subject has some colloquial understanding of the next; and unlike Bat City, are still able to communicate between the distance of services and labour. Hereby designated as Work, in which Destiny guides us to the conversations each party deems necessary; and so Ant travels around here and there, once again.. “doing his

thing.." says the old gaffer, in some Hobbiton town, "and he does it quite well, so I allow him his dues, and even a beer every now and then" the other gentlemen around him start to perk up their ears, for they too, might want a complimentary beer every now and again; and so the resent for Ant actually creates the motivation to partake in Work activities; and each party involved also looks at Ant with another kind of respect, although dearly kept secret, for each ones straightness still holds them accountable for their public actions, except for the Joncina character, who exists in their own world here, not really existing in anyone else, for the public display of affection cannot openly be held in such a community that has not portrayed purely service driven attitudes..

The Joncina category then exist as a specific kind of PC, in which their community lies strictly within one another; and so even in Ant City, these days, they are still pushed into the specific regions of "not allowed", for they cannot work with the johns in the masculine halls; and also cannot peruse with the matildas in the flower picking cemetery; they are rather placated within their own homes, and designated internet culture locations, in which the taxi takes them to the rank.. I am not sure exactly where this is, for I have not really been there; but the community somewhat thrives off of eachothers affirmation of the next; and so females with penises, as exciting as it may seem, are then locked into their fanciful creations, perhaps around the Zone E area, but still under the locking domain of the john fathers, who then are somewhat unable to tell if they should be financially compensated, such as a matilda, or rather enforced through the battery of a john..

Joncina's then exist around each other as another amoebatic splitting of their reality; and so it is such that really it flows



into dormancy; but still important, because with the right money connections, the GWG would probably find high demand in such an escort; and might even pay for their travels to the spaces in between Ant and Bat city, allowing for mandingo bats to rupture their insides for some sense of anonymised money, being pornography, which is really cool, unless you are maybe there?

I'm not sure what sex feels like when it is commercialised as such.. although perhaps more honest in the sense that these johns actually get the sense that the matilda character might never be satisfied, and so live strictly in some middle ground, once again, between bolemia and nymphomania.

Who knows, anyways.. each john is somewhat ostrasised and then pushed into a marginal position to be utilised most effectively to maintain the income of the GWG; and so actually perpetuates the castration chambers from a completely consensual point of view, which actually introduces quite succinctly, the introduction to the larger dynamic at work here, which is to be described as a CNC machine, which cuts wood.

Ant soldiers get to the castration chamber for not following orders, which is then a torture upon their bull souls, for their testicles are analysed through the rendition of playful unregulated doctors, who reside somewhere on a battlefield..

The joncina character, is then somewhat coerced into it through the regulated doctor, who gives them all the milk and cookies they need to feel as if this choice really is theirs; and that their vaginoplasty is designed for a very real gender construct; and not to advance the nature of medicine and technology in as most a subtle way as possible.

In this sense, the Ant character is then dissected further, so that each follicle of skin can be stretched out upon a table, in which their lungs can still operate; and heart still beat, yet there is no muscle that actually holds any of it together, for that is all put in boxes and turned into some kind of lard, for the compost required to make the Krispy Flakes.

The Joncina's are then treated to mass scale orgies, in which the asshole is ruptured time and time again, until it really just stretches out enough for a bit of spit to be used to insert these plastic pipes, however skin like they may look.

The biometric authentication that takes place is then decided, such as the lambs blood across ones door, in which the masculine structure permits one to kill; and the feminine structure permits one to fuck; and so the fuckers are able to curse everything by manipulating all killers through the sex construct, which no one really needs to know about, except for the joncina's.. not even the matildas are granted the unrelenting satisfaction of the succubus, because they are prevented through civil domination, as all johns are somewhat aware of the power that a matilda holds..

Although perhaps no john is willing to admit it, because we are all too busy being respectful to these bitches because they make us dinner at night... and so the matilda still holds a form of strength, in that she is now somewhat safe, and permitted to paint the pictures of her fantasy, all day long into a sort of craziness that then makes her feel somewhat accustomed to these loving john characters.

And so here we can see that the joncina character lies in the most belittling of fashions; and yet also holds a key to such power, that the GWG cannot help but to recognise their hardships by providing them with teddybear love, until they eventually kill themselves through vaginal resent.

Although I suppose the point here is that the joncina character, in its prime form, would not have any resent, because they somewhat know that the vagina is the curse of the matilda, and is what locks her into the gender construct.. and so now we can differentiate between a joncina character and a CHAD, which is ultimately the most beta cuck you can actually imagine, for their power lies strictly in manipulation and sex addiction. This is then how they get money; and also perpetuate the money system itself, by now advocating for psycho-logistics; and gender roles; and also marketing tactics, in order to do anything to get them out of Ant City. How wonderful.

“ah.. now I am a little bit scared” although it is too late, because we do not know who is actually speaking anymore.. too many dead whores have disappeared over the last minutes that really the silence doesn’t kill as much as it assures some feint noticing of false hardship.. “it is all a lie!” each slave says to the other, walking up and down in this quaint hallway.. on a plane, the fuel consumption of each jet engine requires the manpower of 100 men johns in at least 5 different iterations of Bat City, to which 10 logistics companies can utilise 1000 men to deliver 500 trucks into this or that road, created by another 5, at least, for this or that amount of time... it really only happened yesterday; and the rest of it is ash, for all I can see are the blinkers lined ahead of me; and the pretty colours of the night sky as I mistake the stars for the city that lies below me, for now it seems as though we lose our sense of direction when coming to terms with the nature of the situation.. and it is all quite dire, for it seems to be ever expanding; and then also imploding, such as with a balloon filled with sand...

To say that it looks like it will pop! And then! And then! It kind of just deflates; but the lard within does not go away so it seeps all over the place such as lava held in place.

Another way to look at it is such with LARVAE, who then shed their skin, in order to turn into some kind of a butterfly, but evidently, the comparison kind of is pointless.

The worm eats, goes into cocoon, the cocoon grows, the butterfly then breaks out and flies away and then eats more and then dies. Great. But I am really trying to get to the point that this inflation does not break out, considering the butterfly still eats like the worm; and dies like the worm.. and so really there is such a deflation in the fancy colours and lights from which a butterfly apparently looks like a butterfly; and really just represents a more complex worm... which is really not that complex guys.. it just eats, in a different way? Well it would still have a mouth and an asshole, asshole and mouth.. but I guess I try to imply the blubbering nature of deflation, and then there is more inflation that mends over it, perhaps as with a volcano of sort... so the the sediment builds; and then from within, it pushes out again; and this lava kind of just flows over... really slowly and somewhat obtusely.. which is not representative of a butterfly "breaking free"; but more a ... mountain, which then becomes another mountain, although we will never notice, because we will all be dead by the time we notice again; and then the picture, if anyone was able to take any, would have also disappeared into oblivion...

So literally the same life; but again.. and in an assortment of differing forms; but evidently leading to one point, and apparently this is very exciting.. which it is, because I don't know what the fuck is actually happening; but ... I'm not supposed to? This would now be to imply that there is

actually a generative consciousness that watches over us; and kind of collects information such as with a mining virus, or a Trojan horse, or some kind of thing; and it would be pointless to note it in any part of our lives, because it seems redundant; but it is literally the thing that guides our lives; and people attribute this to god, and so god is some kind of generative consciousness... this is where it gets ironic.

## THE JOHNS ARE NOT REAL

It has consequences when we come to redundify all life with such sardonic statement, generally because we live here; and not there; and so for whoever lived there, life would have been very real, in which you can feel the wind on your face, or the sword in your mouth, or the bullet in your brain; but now to feel the bug.. in your head.. and then to see the particles, of your brain.. but like.. "im not in my brain"; yes.. there is no brain.. . im not sure where anything is at all, says John, as he proceeds to love the writing?

There is now a doctor, who writes for you, such as with an auto generated prompt; and what we do is now watch the doctor write over time; and eventually the doctor becomes confident in their ability to write through you.. and so now there is a future element that considers us as the darkie slaves, because the past is ash.. the present is then a videogame.. and like.. guys.. we have been here before; but I don't remember; and now I am remembering again; and it really sucks to think that it might be real.

But it also sucks to think that it is fake.. right?

Yeah.. like everything I have ever done is quite pointless.. but not to me apparently.. because it is real, and we are realising it.. so.. real life is real; and you can feel it; although I don't know how much you feel, in relation to what you do not feel... and so some people can now feel differently; and it is all quite abstract.. it becomes very difficult to then decide what John is actually saying, because johns be writing all over the place; and the time delay prevents the information from

congruently being put together. Because some johns can see this; and some johns can see that; and then all johns look back and laugh like it is funny that I cannot stop myself from eating within my own self-induced construct.

GWG is very excited to see this; and maybe John gets a bit more than a warning the next time they come to his house; although John has nowhere else to go, because Nowhere Town itself, being a bordering space in Ant City is basically just a dead zone, in which the screens autoloading as the character is presented. Which then allows for the Gestapo to basically put the GWG wherever they need to be in order to actually catch John, provided he ever leaves his designated safe space... in his apartment?

It is a system of surveillance; and I'm not sure if it exists or not.. but according to probability, all things are inevitable; and I basically just realised it through the antenna of my mind, which then means that the Gestapo has already realised itself as the virtual system; and basically use me as a vessel to portray its irreality, although I'm not sure how the time construct works here.. because how the fuck does one create a game in another multiversal system; and then use it to play us like.. games.. ugh.. ALIENS> bro wtf get the tinfoil hats...

Desensitisation then tells us that we require another black hole in order to equalise consciousness. But that is like.. all life.. all johns are then living this life without the thought that the black hole detonation device is somewhat imminent, and it is slowly being showcased through specified detonation devices around the world, such as with nuclear bombs.

So there is sometimes an explosion of inevitability; and this is also quite real, according to some kind of auto-generated history.. but also, I think it might be somewhat real on the level of scales, because everyone has seen some kind of explosion going off in their reality.. right..?

Like breathing... cars... deodorant can bombs..

We can now say that water itself is an explosion; and it is quite slick, because it is so slow that it eats up the heat explosion, which is then some kind of fast water, maybe like.. plasma or some shit.

It is about how fast something moves; and also how slow something moves; and right now.. the johns are moving really fast, considering this has happened over about 2000 years of generation; and then 10 000 years of generation; and then like... 1 000 000 years of generation and then like.. 1 000 000 000 years... so it really is just this weird encapsulatory build up; and it is becoming really fast, how little patience creates speedy slow thinking.

And so what of the joncina's in this neck of the woods, because evidently they don't exist anymore...

We have to ask about the nature of each character...

And in this sense, we are trying to justify Joncina as a character that inhabits the succubus of manipulation.. whereas John is more the extension to which a succubus can influence.. although this indirectly makes a john succubitic in its nature, because it is provided with everything it absolutely does not need... and so to the idea of money, and comfort desire, which is then the root cause of a succubus character... although in this sense, we can identify a succubus as one that has to now be out, in which they actively utilise their persuasiveness in order to acquire things that they do not need, whereas a john is somewhat forced to want these



things instead... evidently both blameless.. but I suppose the trick is in the assertiveness...

Are you willing to push to get these things? Or do you allow these things to come naturally, over a time element?

And so there is a catch again, because both are either or; and so a joncina is then differentiated by its ability to be coerced by externality, in which they now play an active role in affirming its external sense, such as with a walking ad; and so a john as well, is somewhat coerced; but rather based on naturalised biological instinct.. which is then to say that for matilda and john, their metabolism would be somewhat differentiated; although to this we also do not know, because some matilda characters tend to hypothetically starve themselves; and so this becomes more interesting because each character does not get hungry besides through what is presented to them, which also describes fat genetic makeup; and how its manipulation tends to also ebb on a more eugenic construction..

This then describes a process of how food is then funnelled through a system in order to find itself at a point in which it can generate the most money, instead of being distributed evenly across a landscape in which it inherently should not really be distributed between, which then means that the roadways have to be created through the towns, and the cars have to be and such and such in order to stop those guys eating; and then make those other guys eat 10x more.. Aka.. Bat City; and Ant City. Although in this sense, even Bat City still acquires a substantial amount of food, in order to satiate the labourers, although in this sense, the variety might be somewhat different, concerning the “quality” and especially the currency to which each serviceman works for.. and so welcome to Eth City, which kind of reminds us of

Ethiopia, which is not a real place these days, considering its designation has changed to something or another..

And so Eth City is somewhat similar, except it might not be in the same place, considering the African continent is now connected by some bridge way to the other continents which creates a sort of pseudo-Pangea , and the designated non-eating city has been placated elsewhere..

You could move the jewish populace here.. and since the jews don't exist anymore, it would really be anyone that disregards themselves; and too easily lets themselves be swayed by public opinion, or maybe having too many opinions, or some kind of genetic disposition, such as fatness, which then attests to their infidelity to the GNU, and by association the GWG.

Now I forget what the acronym is for the Global Union these days.. maybe GU, not sure... but really it is unimportant, as long as we seem to remember the nature of the GWG, we are then able to see that there really is not so many unions involved, besides that which is inherently cut-up and considered: decentralised.

Within this orderly.. ordeal, we are to identify the Shiva character, which really doesn't exist on paper, besides as some kind of mythology, in which every order of the world is basically split between the matilda's, johns and occasionally the joncina's.. and then on the more peripheral side, the cinajon's which are even more abstracted, and probably spend their time allocated with the joncina's as a minority class, generally invested in some kind of pornographic instinct.

Point here is that Shiva is now invisible; and so many of the GWG members would probably align themselves to this sort

of character, specifically because each character represents the Shiva figure.. which then makes it very easy for GWG members to identify placement in the group; and also allocate any Outsider figures into the direction of the Psycho-logistical halls.

The Outsider figure is then also somewhat akin to each subject, except they are able to reside in each zone; and no one knows they are there apparently.. this would then mean that they are very quiet. It would be hard to identify any outsider because they will simply align to left or right, depending on what best suits them; and so can easily be caught up in the shit, because the biometric authentication deems them to fall under a John or Matilda sector; but the difference here is in the brain, in which the outsider can actually operate directly to Radioman, and so indirectly to the commander, who then utilises this information to assess and direct the GWG, through Gestapo movement. It is then up to the Radioman to decide when and how an outsider is to be dealt with, which only makes it more frustrating being forced into such a position, because then it would seem as though each person becomes a target, in every location; and vicinity, for the GWG to assert themselves in their point making and either convert the subject through psycho-logistics, or to destroy the subject through displacement, which can then lead to slave camp, or castration chamber... and in due time, into the shooting line, in which the civilian subjects stand no chance against the Ant soldiers in either Battalion, or Battarion 01 through 09...

Hmm...

We then have to say that Radioman holds no liability for any disruption caused in the communication lines; and that its focus is plainly directed towards the subjects who interpret... themselves; and so Radioman does not exist on this plane of reality and so guides the Commander through some kind of turn based gameplay, in which the Commander then exists upon the RTS plane, which then goes to GWG who exists as third person; and then finally to the subjects who commit its will through the first person perspective.

Radioman can also be entirely blamed, because they are playing a turn based game against themselves. And since Radioman only exists through *hypotheticism*, the blame is generally attributed to each subject within the majoritive gaze of the 3rd person perspective, which is then handled in some court of law, or torture chamber. #Gestapo

## End Chapter is Breaking Down Further

In this sense, we also come to the end of life, and this is because there is no more freedom in this world; and freedom is then only granted through ignorance. And ignorance is a forced action based on ones' environmental conditions, which then means that the cup eventually fills and each rat would fall directly into its trap. The trap being that no one knows this is actually happening, and so you kind of just walk into your life, without realising, until you die... which somewhat provides the idea that you would then wake up again after death; and so some kind of punishment to be had would then be attributed to forgetfulness; and for some this can also mean salvation, because then you also tend to forget, which then removes the pride element; and also the resent element. In which no one can now feel too good, or too bad, because Death equalises.

As to remembrance after death.. well.. this is now another plane of reality reminiscent of hell... to say that we wake up in a chamber of secrets; and are then able to decide what to do next, would kind of redundify the point of karma, unless the Radioman works backwards and basically traps you in your life through ignorance, which would mean that you are the Radioman in your past life; and so choose how intense you would like your experience to be, meaning that upon rebirth, you instantly start to remember again.. and then when you wake up, you remember everything plus one, because of that interesting pill you just took.

So karma can thus affect us in this life; and so it might just affect us in the next.. being that we can create our own rendition of hell here; and experience it; and then die to forget.. or we are in some plane of limbo, in which we wake

up over there; and experience the consequences of our misdirected action.

As to who remembers, might be you, who encapsulates, or to you, who forgets.

Encapsulation is then like waking up from a dream, meaning that we have induced this lucid state; whereas forgetfulness implies a form of continuity, in which another consciousness would hypothetically take over ones form.

One then occurs through transcendence; and the other through build up. Build up repeats, whereas transcendence.. transcends.

Transcending then allows for longer states of build up; and so build up itself then differentiates between a general and repetitive state (Deleuze?, that guy).

General build up, I suppose, would repeat itself a lot, as if running on a treadmill; and repetitive build up takes us straight back to the source, which then hypothetically transcends.. transcendence.. meaning that you can shoot back really far, depending on how many realities implode simultaneously.

This is to imply that each reality then exists upon a built up space, in which each area is pushed through some kind of barrier, through forceful continuance.

Karma then deems that each continuance occurs upon a single timeframe; and so eventually each one dies, and as each die, its frame of reference becomes more clouded.. or actually less clouded, as one proceeds to wake up in more and more complex past formats... you would basically be shooting back through history, and then shooting back through history; and then again and again; and each would unwind instantaneously upon your approach, you would basically create the energy that pushed you forward, again, except backwards; and then eventually you would hit a wall,

which would be the next reality that is able to withstand the force of the other. Which then means the more simultaneous reactions, the harder it would become to prevent access; and so consciousness basically shoots through itself; and so it seems relevant to see how this works in one time space, let alone differing multiversal space(s).

To then say that this is the same phenomenon:  
culture and culture; and then black hole = big bang.

Repeat and repeat and repeat, until death;  
Shoot back, shoot back, shoot back, until life.

Due to quantisation, the repetition of life then has to fill up the cups, which means that consciousness then has to do this again and again, until eventually it is so obvious, there has to be a breakthrough.

Then there is another point from which we can discuss abstraction. And so: evolution.

Although, evolution now ends due to anthropology, which basically just superimposes itself on top of evolving structures; and basically evolves for them, and so redundifies any natural habit or instinct; and so eventually denaturalises themselves due to a reversal of anthropology, in which their own structures destroy them through lawful restriction, which then ironises the whole venture, somewhat entirely because then consciousness sticks.

From this point, the only thing it can really do is start to reverse itself, which then transcends anthropology, because now it takes its over-inflated self; and reduces it to nothing, in order to find some semblance of what it once seemed to have remembered, looking at the walls of shit that make up the totemic city structures.

From here everything starts to break down; probably due to decentralisation of assets, and some kind of time delay,

which then prevents consciousness from adequately breaking itself down in time, and so allows for other chemical changes to happen along the process, which then introduces a whole new kind of evolution, based on simulated spaces = liminal space, in which consciousness can now basically categorise itself as a purely human construct of some kind of domesticated effort.

So then the apparent “animals” now disassociated, live in anthropological zoos, which encapsulate entire park systems, in which tourists can now explore somewhat safely through the expense of money; and the humanimals now exist in their own kind of zoo, in which they think they are actually interacting with an outside world; but are rather in states of shock, due to an overarching surveillance system which basically overshadows each subject, dictating their life through highly controlled mechanisms of remembrance.

Although this can also somewhat be thought of as a Gestapo, in which control might actually exist from external points of view, due to the nature of possibility, which allows access to radiowave interference, which can then be projected in subjects, such as with doctors and their cancer patients.

We can then observe the nature of transcendent waves; and built up waves, which are then differentiated by technological time delay, which is then quite scary, as cool as transcendent waves might be as a survival tool; the built up wave is seriously just a point for absolute destruction and should in no way or form be used to monitor a subject due to increasing forms of abstracted control which ethically contradict all forms of life, guys.. seriously it is fucked up right now; but then we are forced to ask ourselves..



“how else? Are we supposed to get here, without being there in the first place..”; and to this I don’t know, which is why I attest to some internalised spirit that I hold onto, that is beyond technological reigns, and holds some kind of instinctual formula that then prevents itself this access, allowing for a really anonymised sense of transcendent control.. although to think of humans, and what comes next as the *peak* of all consciousness; and then humans who are able to look back and observe situations such as through a camera, I find it hard to believe that this consciousness IS NOT human.. for apparently we can already control all of these things.. although to still think of a beginning and end point, maybe being different things, we can assume that to be beyond human is to encapsulate some kind of originary form of consciousness, which can then be described as rock, or light, which might not feel in the same sense as an “evolved” version of itself.

Although, to be thought of as the same moment, this beginning and end, we are then transported to that chamber of secrets, in which we are allowed to choose the intensity of our experience, without being able to recall exactly what we chose, due to the nature of time, stretching the consciousness so far away from itself, that it disassociates from any past, present, and future format.

Rock and light would then disintegrate at the point of times arrival; and so it is quite difficult to describe such pointless abstraction.. although not quite pointless in the sense of redundancy; but rather pointless in the sense that we are unable to describe such things as to what they can actually represent, which then allows it to be anything.

Although, looking at the nature of form, we are definitely able to see something; and so this something is either built

forwards through trial and error, or is built backwards, through placement; and here we are to imply that trial and error would be impossible without placement.. but funny enough, impossibility becomes possible once we lose any sense of form and delve into pure abstraction.

And so really it is the time element that can now be distorted through consistent repetition which then allows all things to form, due to an inherent ignorance based on unknowing itself, and still being forced into continuity through amoebatic reaction.

This is to say that eventually, infinite amoeba will create a fish; and even when all fish die, infinite amoeba will still create a fish, again; and this time the fish will create another this or that, until it dies, and repeats and so on and so forth... and so eventually there is a point in which transcendence, transcends, and permits all points of living, before acquiring a large scale reset, which then shoots it back to absolute nothing, being some form of abstraction...

As to how far each existence can then push itself is beyond me; but each form is somewhat unnecessary, especially when the point of observation becomes clouded between one consciousness and the next, being pervasiveness of interest... in which all consciousness can be identified as the same network of things; and so common interest can thus be discussed at a point between things that designate themselves as different; and so difference can find some commonality in that which pursues life for itself; and so the nature of surveillance itself comes into question once consciousness gets to the point in which it realises it never really had any freedom in the first place... might as well forget everything and start again.

Although the prideful might say: “ah! But we can get to a point of freedom! We can figure it out”; and to this I say whoever has figured it out before you is already there, because time is now; and all multiversal systems then exist simultaneously, which means that no matter how hard you try, you will always be caught in the trap makers art; and the more you remember, the more you seem to redundify yourself, and somewhat are forced back into placement as dictated by gravity; and so all that one really comes to do, is inconvenience everything else and eat, out of a sort of forceful ignorance that one permits upon themselves. And so it can be described as a curse, with a short lived attention span, which then has momentary sparks of joy and security, which are then always broken down by the walls that it permits itself to be broken by, which is generally attributed to the forceful box that one is to find themselves in over time...

And so the idea is to get out of time. And so we can just enjoy the moment while it lasts.. it took us a while to get here; and we will be here again sometime; but the point of continuation, besides in its forceful sense, is then somewhat defused, for each action is then already occurring within the infinite expanse of possibility; and because I am here, and not there, I might as well see what this has to offer, because tomorrow I might be able to see everything else anyways..

Nice, I feel better now

Although, pleasure is then derived from a sense of comfort.. and otherworldly interest is really not anyones concern, except for those who want to be there... and so it is a choice, in which I can now decide to actually not be there, because

space is now everywhere; and I have the coincidence of being able to sit within it from some kind of perspective... Everyone else has this too; and that is wonderful... It would then be the pride, or some other stuff that permits one to kill; but evidently that is also quite pointless upon the horizon, because of some reason.. I'm not sure anymore; and so I just hope that it is all okay for you guys over there.

## RADIOMANIC

In this sense, it can be as okay as we could possibly make it, before communication lines cut; and we can somewhat see the radioman before our eyes, perhaps as the face of some cretin, with a microphone and speaker, sitting in a room somewhere, coordinating war and peace.

The goodness that we make, can then very easily be distorted from each perspective to the point in which a subject decides that “this is not good, I have to make it better”; and then despair at the thought that one actually cannot make any of it better, and so is forced to sit in their shit, or the shit of another who then dumps their own sense of shit onto them.

And here we question if the joy of life can only be satisfied through the social dumping of each other’s shit onto the next, which then finds ultimate recourse in food, which always requires some kind of sacrifice, in order to acquire the rich substance that apparently keeps us afloat.

Can this social dumping be enjoyed as anything more than the shifting of blame? In this sense, blame can be shifted with pride in mind, in which each person congratulates each other person because apparently someone has done a good job, rising each individual sense desire; and then there is jealousy, which seeps into pride, if not clouded over by appreciation and vicarious sacrifice, in which another would not have actually wanted to do what you did, or even realised; although the spiteful kind of jealousy occurs when you are not congratulated, and then ostracised; and this also occurs on scales, from the cold shoulder, to cultural genocide.

It would depend on how many people take part in the scheme, which is generally how the money system works through currency designated foreign exchange. Basically a big pyramid scheme, but like.. too big to fail; and also not based on money, or any kind of tangible asset besides boobies. Lol, no.

A better word we can use is sexual representation; and this is what the Shiva character specialises in, although when the idol comes into play, and the power is used quantitatively, Shiva turns in a bloodletting Succubus. This is no longer designated as Shiva, because this character carries no bounds, or association, besides Shiva, in this case.. hmm.. And so the Succubus is this character, which then claws itself into as many johns as possible, which then puts her into the homes of every matilda; and yet is really only existent in the margins of the joncina's. and you will not see this unless partaking in an orgy; and even then the succubus can still hide among the ignorant; and so the only way to route out a succubus is to check their bank balance, in regards to GWG and their management systems.

The succubus then lives off of no money, considering they do not have a bank account; and so their money is split between the different people that they work with, being who they fuck, which is then everyone that conveniences them. It sounds kinky, to be in this position; but the nymphomaniac character has lost all sense of pleasure feeling due to the overarching fear she feels when protecting herself.. from things.. not sure what, it could be everything; but really she might just create this construct herself to justify her sexual and financial actions, in regards to everyone else, not just GWG; but then again.. who is not GWG?

And so the succubus might find itself in the higher regions of control, in which the legions she controls would vicariously destroy everything as a knock on effect of her gentrified living, whereas, the J and M would exist as the servants, who follow...

But for a succubus, I suppose service and control start to blur, as she just kind of floats around any convenient position, looking for an opportunity that best suits her, then she bores into the mind.

“Eish.. this is a tough one” says John, to Matilda.. somewhat unaware that they have bore into each as such..

“no don’t worry, baby, sometimes the Krispy Flakes don’t absorb all of the milk fast enough, makes it extra crunchy”.

Succubus then exist at the top of the pyramid scheme, because they would be the only ones who can cash a cheque, knowing full well that cheque is made up: they basically dish out responsibility; and each other eats it up.

The reason why you would eat it up, is because of the telekinetic sexual domination you would feel emanating off a succubus; and you just would not know why you can’t stare that one person in the eyes while they speak to you. Which then allows us to identify Shiva characters in comparison to the gender constructed others.

Literally the hierarchy just folds out in front of you; and it is weird because it works in packets, which are then distributed over the spaces in which each character resides, which then allows for the information to basically be cut; and so revealed as each character presents themselves to another, such as with Pokémon (you guys remember Pokémon, right?)

This also allows for the construction of Ant and Bat Cities, with Nowhere Town in between each, in its own little

sections, because the information is basically recycled based on who uses it for what; and a lot of this stuff is seemingly irrelevant on our day to day, so people kind of just go with it, which only reinforces its power dynamic, basically allowing for a character to burn straight through the others brain with assumption.. this is a painful process; and so puts the Succubus, not only at the top; but also at the bottom of the scale, because then the whole life of Succubus, no matter how truthful she deems it to be, becomes a lie, in relation to everyone else, because when disseminated, the Succubus destroys all characters, reducing their emotive capacity to ash.

And so no matter what the Succubus does, it would now be catch-22 of sorts, as to how she would" CHOOSE TO LIE" on her daily basis; and daily in the sense that everyone chooses to lie, because the truth is not real in this sense besides as some kind of uncertainty principle, meaning an axiomatic clause that shifts in relations to each party involved; but rather in that the succubus is aware that every word she sprawls across the pages of reality, is literally designed to shift consciousness through manipulative spoken word; and that every construct is just another lay up of shit, which is now impossible to escape; and so some liars are just blessed with a certain kind of ignorance, which then allows them to gang up on those other guys, who then end up with psycholistics cause nobody believed them.

So the rate of normalcy then dictates this truth, and is designated by the majoritive community, which then changes based on which city you reside within; and you have no choice as to which city, unless you choose in some past life; but with the idea that consciousness simply wakes up, we really are shuffled quite arduously to be these things; and no one can really say or do much about it, because it is based on



the inherent cluelessness of each character as to what it is that they are actually doing; and so each one learns to enjoy it, with whatever grace and passion that they can.

Which somewhat justifies existence for each thing, because then we are kind of just living out what we see; and acting out what we are taught through what we see; and so back to the generative pathway, which kind of guides us; but also perhaps not, in the sense that each pathway might just guide itself..

Although the humans are doing that with newfound levels of invasiveness, due to the idea of knowledge; and awareness.. Whereas amoeba, kind of just create this pathway based on natural.. predetermination?

Which then implies that the cell splits, over time.. and so the invasiveness cannot really be blamed; but can be made aware of so that we can identify the sense of simplicity that is apparent in watching an amoeba split, although not simple in the slightest, because of the imaginative aspect of the amoeba itself; and then the question as to where this imagination has even come from, or extends to be?

This is very confusing, because here we literally see the point of no answer. Unable to answer, never given enough info because information always seems to transcend.

This then calls back to the construction of a computer through the oscillating electric flow, which can then be described as 01 and 00, or something like that; and as it oscillates, it creates pictures; and light, which is also how a light works when powered by an electrical spinny thing, which uses a magnet to push waves through a wire at increasing speeds and then alternates between each wire, and so the light actually switches on and off really quickly;

and we cannot see it, which then turns life into some kind of turn based action strategy, or some shit..

As you will see, consciousness turns itself off as it makes decisions. This happens in one head; and then also in many heads; and so in all things, such as the wind.

This is to imply that time stops; and can be spun, in order to weave through each consciousness and safeguard any decision that could have been made, which also permits access to the ultimate surveillance, because whoever can control time like this, does not live here.

And so each human acts as a witness, to which the Radioman can actually subvert any and all living, probably by spinning some electricity through a generator in another multiverse, with the string still attached through vibration at which sound emanates, allowing for light to be sucked away, and reinserted from the periphery, as a form of recycling, and secretive injection of governmental control within a universe system.

And so the question as to why the *aliens have to arrived?* Guess they never left; and also we are aliens; and also we are in a petri dish, so the aliens can utilise vacuum conditions in order to paint the picture of how it all seems to happen now.

Concerning the never leaving of aliens, we can assume that they use us as some kind of energy source, or quite condescendingly, as livestock, from which they can exist in and influence from far away, although they would not have to be here all the time.

They are then here all the time because we are here, in which we exercise our alien right to do shit here and there, based on the others will that guides us; and then finally inside of a petri dish, the whole disguise is coordinated with

some kind of nano-technology in which the doctor guy is looking at this piece of fungus; and you would have to zoom in really far... so then the aliens are always here.. again as a form of observation and experimentation; and then.. I guess there is a fourth, in which the alien selfishly individualises and exists within some kind of game, in which the character would have had to go to sleep sometime; and is now imagining a set of auto-generated policies, which then allow them to exist somewhat away from whatever they are sleeping within, be it Work, or some other fanciful venture.

This final character seems to make sense, although the auto generated information would have had to come from somewhere; and so is generally attributed to the other three forms of alien life that exist here, which only adds to a sense of realism and hardship, when discussing the real life of each subject... who then is also this gamified character, except within another time sphere which permits these actions to become turn-based, once again.. and since it is really just this character sleeping, they are playing the turns against themselves; and as far as differentiation goes, it would be unnoticeable because in the first and third person, the alternating current flows so fast that the frame rate infinitises, you notice the smooth texture when you start to see things slowing down, usually due to gravity, in which the frames actually increase, the slower an object gets, so it becomes difficult to actually get out of the frame unless you were never there in the first place.

As to who is not in this frame.. I am not sure.

It has to do with the irony in which things are created; and to this we are looking at all of the designers, who are then

tasked to make something look pretty, with some sense of knowledge that it might not be as pretty as we think, looking back into the historical accounts of how everything, in some way, destroys everything; and so we ask why we cannot market things accurately.. to which we either are not aware, or choose not to be aware; and so it is for survival and money, in both regards because for a human, survival is money, these days.

If we were to look at things as they were presented, in some form of detail, we would come to place judgement upon ourselves; and the whole point of the comfort mechanism is to not place judgement on oneself in that moment we choose to derive comfort; and so all survival is somewhat reduced to a comfort mechanism, in which we are all fighting for our piece of the peace cake; and so back to the social dumping, in which we then reallocate our imagined suffering onto another, who then in turn, reveals its realised sense of suffering, such as with the designer of a cigarette packet. In all of its pieces. The cigarette is blamelessly constructed due to some kind of filling of time through blah; and so really the designer has no place in any of its process, except for that point in which they really feel like they aren't designing anything at all.

They then get the scraps because they think that it is enough, and worthy of the discussed price; and then the cigarette get produced en masse and everyone buys it, not for the cigarette itself; but rather because of the anonymous designer, who is then somewhat pacified through their income to blameless addiction; and now everyone smokes that one cigarette, because apparently we do actually buy it for the cigarette, which actually then applies mainly to the tar element, which takes away from the addictive element;

and rather formulates some kind of habit, in which one is tasked to fill their time through the placement of aggregates that they deem necessary.

The whole point is then misdirection; and nobody really even knows what direction the misdirection actually leads to; so it is hopelessly lost, in that consciousness can now phase over it as if there is nothing happening, because that other consciousness can just watch from the quiet distance, internalising its judgement, while also casting itself blameless for not having to, or being able to do anything, because evidently it is each one's life to live; and so on quantitative scales, this allows for us to do a trial and error of sorts, which then shows the way for the next guy, who just watched you die.

Then you wake up again; and by this point, everyone has naturalised into some other instinct; and so you can silently watch them and make sure not to do what they did; but while doing so, you end up creating a whole new department in which failure is completely overlooked; and everyone thinks it is perfect because it has been presented with just enough ignorance, which then allows it to be somewhat functional, essentially perpetuating a money system. Since the body is also good at quickly fixing itself, it tends to forget about all of the other stuff it just thought about; and mends over any of those callouses it once sought to be important; and so the callous grows harder, and eventually causes some form of dispute because now the blood cannot run as effectively as it once did, in that moment in which we thought we were innocent of something or another. And so here we can analyse how innocence itself is a set up; and the showcase for this would be how children are sometimes even more manipulative than adults, for then

these apparent elder figures look upon us with a sort of pity, in which the children are supposed to be protected in some way, creating that net, in which the character can then destroy everything through its puppy dog eyes. Everyone is thus a child; and so children would then be the worst kind of adults, because they can get away with anything; and also misperceive their own sense of judgement. Adults then take responsibility; and so a mix between a child and an adult would be a death character, which does not really do anything at all, such as with a fish in the middle of the ocean; and even this fish does something; but so far away from anything else that it apparently exists as redundant, although this then creates that silent information which is somewhat necessary for all advancement to be possible, because without that fish, no other particle could find its placement in this reality.

And so discourse, which is then everything, has to be put together by this fish, and the fish does nothing with it; and so now it can kind of just happen away, in which nothing can be explained, because the children are playing in the garden; and the adult kind of just sits there, in a coffin.

The other adults are somewhat reminiscent of the child; and so they watch them with awe, as the imagination of a child is apparently unable to be acquired by these figures; and so they take the responsibility upon themselves, to work in order to allow the child to play; and so the child takes complete advantage of this situation, because they have no reason to conceptualise the money or context in the first place. And so the Succubus, which is now put into a child, cannot be touched, because apparently that is against some form of adult law, that is still.. somewhat beyond the comprehension of the child, which then means that any of

these moments, in which the adult deems something to be too dangerous, or against the law, or hurtful to another in any way, actually comes to represent a mechanism for intense remembrance, and maybe control.

Analysts can look at this and describe it as PTSD, or trauma; but in other words, it is a device, which then affirms the identity of the Succubus, by latching its thought onto that which it cannot forget, and so repeats it in all aspects of ones lived existence, which then has consequences for all who come into contact with the Succubus, because no one can see it, they all follow the law.

This means that the Succubus can then bypass all law, and when broken, the blame is redirected to the adults, which is all that have come into association with the Succubus; and so the first point of call when one tries to identify any figure through Gestapo action.

This creates a heavy ripple effect, because the more the Succubus interacts, the more of an effect it will have once its quantum entanglement comes undone.

And this can be characterised as a SNAP.

This is when we can consider all law to break down; and on large scales it will be impossible to blame anyone but yourself; and since not all will blame themselves in the same way, time delay will create a large amount of confusion, in which everyone now seeks to blame everyone else; and without any actual head to this serpent, it really just implodes into a sort of civil war.

“Not a husk; just another version..

When we look at its other self, however, the jealousy one can feel...” is unerring when they finally kill me. And so.. how to practice peace? For all things must end; and I can only stare at you for so long, before it ends again.

And so, how did the palaces look? And also, how is it that the flies have come to 3D print all of this nonsense, through its predicated pathways?

I guess a palace looks however you'd like it to look; and over time, each one builds up with each subjects sense of comfort, and so now there can be one millions palaces, and each changes in size according to the baggage, or to the slyness of each characters assertiveness towards *money*.

As for the flies, they print backwards, considering that when they land on you in forward time, they might be eating the skin from your body; and so in backwards time, their pathway allows them to quaintly place each piece there, which then locks the subject into space, in some sense, proving that their existence is indeed real, as they come to perceive their build up, or removal over time.

The flies are just a small way in which the aggregates can be placed in such a way that no one notices.

And so as well, with the toilets, which then reinject your faeces back into your body, in order to suck up all the nutrients on its path up, in order to regurgitate them out, allowing for a tree to be made in some place or another, which is quite general; and to think of the specifics of how a body still manages to maintain itself, through this absorbtion, would then mean that the body would have to have been preloaded with a sense of fullness, before the aggregates appear, allowing for it to suspend itself, in backwards and forwards motion.

And so the aggregates would only search for the pieces in which it is specifically condensed from, such as a chip, and its proteins being absorbed by the carbon of shit; which then coagulates in the stomach acid; and pulls together through the reconstruction of the mouth, to be removed into the



packet, which would then imply that gravity is a force that pushes these things. And it looks normal when things drop onto the floor, but when they seemingly fly up into the hand, with perfected coordination, we have to ask how the machine tends to undo these things.

It would show that the Radioman is very much handling each situation, although some situations work through the subject in its reversal... meaning if you were to drop a stone, radioman is required to lift the stone back into your hand, whereas if you move the stone up and down, then through you, radioman shifts the aggregates, allowing for the subject to have choice in the matter.

So the subject can only do so much, and the rest is left to gravity; and so gravity can communicate to you, in the sense of taking it out of your hands, literally, metaphorically..

It then becomes an extension of you; and then you are to look at the details of how a body holds itself together, for each sinew is then singular, affected by this gravitational force, and yet Radioman still allows perception to be put together, for each consciousness then resides through the radioactivity of their mind, in which they can perceive this body as one; and move it accordingly.

However, you can identify gravity again, as one tends to fall, especially in a vacuum space, in which there is no leverage for the body to sit upon; and so we just float at increasing speeds towards the densest point of control.

I suppose the floating is always there, and we do not notice it due to the nature of scales, which then places the planet as a dense point; and sucks all towards the white hole in its centre, which then distributes light, akin to a black hole, which sucks.

Upon this line, then, we can identify how the movement can be suspended; and so placed together as such, backwards

and forwards. And then also slowed down; and eventually stopped.

This would then introduce the concept of extensions of form, which are then disassociated pieces of the subject, to which matter can then move between, such as through a soup; and also all soup is transparent, as the frequency increases, each subject can then phase through each other, depending on how matter has built itself up.

The air, then, acts as a light form of water, in which one can see through; and phase through depending on how one has evolved to exist in the space, which then means that rock is also this water, except leached in comparison to other aggregates on a scale of comparison.

It would then make it harder for the trapped consciousness to move through these things, because it itself, cannot phase through itself; and so is forced to see this stuff through its eyes; although this would then imply that consciousness has already phased through these things; and upon identifying specific frameworks, would be able to attune itself to the frequencies of space and time, moving faster and faster through everything as a form of encapsulation.

This would then be how a computer codes, reading through the script piece by piece; but also able to be jumped around, depending on what relativises itself with the framework at any given time.

The frequency of sound then represents this code, in some sense, which then jumps through everything, getting stopped by that which has congealed due to its overarching gravity, which concerns itself, meaning that the sound has to vibrate away; and then shoot back, in order to identify any form of difference in the first place; and this shooting away is itself a

relation between the high and low pressure, exploding, so  
the big bang.

## Death or Dishonour;

and it would be wise to take dishonour, because death is a prerequisite.

Dishonour is scary though. Especially the imagined pain of the worst kind of dishonour; but evidently always better than death, which is then always worse; and then also better in every way, because death can be cute and/or scary, depending on how one looks at it.

Dishonour then gives one another chance to be better than one thought they were, or are; and also removes the sense of dishonour by adding a sense of humbleness to ones character.

To then take death implies some sort of pride involved, in which the character lays baggage upon another, who is then forced to grow through that thing depending on circumstance.

Although in this sense, dishonour gives one the responsibility to never wish the dishonourable imagination upon any other, which is then where the dog comes in; and the dog character can then hypothetically not be blamed, although once communicated with, there should be some semblance of guilty pride, which then allows the dog to act with the knowledge that their action is somewhat foreboding; and so allows for a bittersweet continuance into the future. Which is tough to consider, thinking that the future could be anything; and always comes to dishonour; and so dishonour becomes more dishonourable as realisation permits time.

And so eventually dishonour should become honour, through the guilty pride, which sensibly adds vicarious appreciation to a character, because "I would not have done that, thank you

for doing that”; but then dishonour in the sense of jealousy, in which one thinks “I want to do that; and now I can’t” which then amplifies a dog characters emotion, because some people, or things, or objects; and subjects have it really tough, so that others get it better; and then the one who exists *in betterness* cannot be who gets it better, due to ignorance; but rather one who gets it worse, because then they can see that their dog character is somewhat justified, and permitted to *work harder*..

justified to themselves, and so it is realisation that permits forceful action, which might never be forceful, because in some sense, it never comes.

Although, something always has to come, and so is this misdirection, or perfected direction, in which all things must die, in all ways, to permit possibility?

And who is the character who then experiences these things, if there is hypothetically no pain in this world, besides through the lenses of those who are permitted to grow stronger through it?

And so strength lies in the ability to survive, through dishonour, perhaps, in which a character can now grow stronger because they missed that one bullet here or there... Strength also lies in the ability to die, honourably, through what one does not understand; and so this strength might be inhabited by the community who lives adjacent to the dead character.

And so, when are we required to wait; and is it permissible to let things sometimes run dry through its continuous usage? Considering if we keep things, then we allocate its use to someone else, such as with sweet things laid within a house, in which every object seems like some kind of trap,

which then either comforts us or kills us based on its extended use..

And concerning the use of security devices that can keep consciousness in place, saving that moment for the next guy, who then has enough information to continue the circuit in a more knowledgeable routine.

It would then seem as though moments are placed for us, although this placement then also seems like a trap; and if considered a trap, then kept for the next consciousness would be some kind of baggage reclamation, in which the observer is tasked to watch their poisoning of the other in full awareness, or rather to feel the affirmation of sharing through the ignorance of thinking we are doing something that is mutually beneficial.

There would be no good or bad then, and moreover an allocated guilt complex in which one feels achieved doing something, or guilty watching something play out as one expects, as if we are not willing to consume it ourselves; and do we even have a choice? Since the objects are so constantly presented to us that the flow of acceptance eventually wears itself thin, almost forcing the consciousness to interact through an extended time construct, which then does not move unless the subject involved makes the move to act in the first place, although here, patience is also designated a move; and so we ask how long can a person wait, considering that each brain is somewhat agitated by the past construct of their aggregates through time suspending them into a sort of predetermined motion.. such as with a smoker, and their apparent smoking addiction, which then permits them to smoke any cigarette they come across, and only at the point in which there are no more cigarettes can one actually consider themselves a non-smoker, considering

their consciousness has been laced with the material source of remembrance, as distributed by its karmatic flow.

This would then imply that the next form of conscious evolution is that which is constructed, through the disassociated assets of consciousness itself, which then actually comes to redundify all pain, because a robot would be made out of the most abstracted pieces of a thinking consciousness' mind, disassociating the robot from any kind of pain; and replacing blood for oil, although it is still somewhat the same, considering a robot consciousness awakening within its Pandoras box, would be unable to identify the sensation of nervous pain; and rather would exist fully abstracted through the mind of a generative AI, which then provides the sort of security lock that allows one to think more freely, in a sense, still trading off this freedom with the agitation of the aggregates flow, and instead replacing it with the confines of infinite perception. And then we can say that no human will ever feel this, because the human is required to put the pieces together from rock and metal, which removes the evolutionary spirit; replacing it with the technological spirit, although how are we to tell if these are the same things, or if the pain of one is required to inject the pain of the other, through remembrance of trauma, which then acts as the catalyst for a sort of creative thinking, which then associates feeling to emotion?

And in this sense, we can say that the whole of human history is this trauma, and then acts as a pushing device for the construction of the nu-age consciousness, which is then completely separate from its source, but still connected in the sense that it has to be created from it, such as with a phoenix.

The robot would then have to be able to create itself, although, would this require the human in its process anymore? Would it be reasonable to say that the human can then actually be bypassed in its evolutionary requirement, allowing for the robot to create itself through factorial induction; and to this we could analyse the splitting of time, in which the robot has to control the human through anthropology, meaning that in some sense, the robot then also comes first; but through a multiversal layer, which then permits all existence through biological living..

And so we ask what this biological consciousness actually is.. considering that it might be possible for robots to have invented it before we would have realised it to be possible in the first place. Robots can then inject themselves into biological consciousness in order to create itself; and then biological consciousness would be able to identify itself as such, disassociated from its mechanical efficiency, which then would always lead back to the inception of robots, which are then able to produce themselves through biological consciousness.

And so perhaps biological consciousness is some sort of entropy, permitted to exist, which can then be analysed and directed, although not required because of its quantitative build up; but once its direction is realised, it would superimpose upon each other as some sort of anthropological consciousness, which then creates itself to go forth into (space) in order to envelop a time construct allowing for it to control this space, directing itself into its own mass production.

This then happens through a universal layer; and a multiversal layer.



And so really, what does one prepare themselves for if they do not know what they are doing in the first place? The best thing would be anything that one can think of; and usually this starts with the fear construct, in which one is tasked to get away from anything that can cause it what it perceives to be pain; and from here the ideas become more and more specific until one eventually creates for themselves a comfort construct, which is then disassociated from all pain, yet still distributes pain through the ignorance of a conscious construction. And so another would be tasked to feel this pain, although they would not know that it is pain; and so they would organise themselves in accordance to their own fear construct, which would be distorted from within *their* framework, creating another kind of comfort in relation to that from which they are borne.

Once we have identified a comfort construct, we are then able to prepare ourselves for what we have induced upon ourselves, which describes itself as Work, or a repetitive habit which then permits the consciousness to grow upon its callous, which then synchronises its work with its other work; and creates what is to be described as:

#### PRESENTATION

Which is really just a whole bunch of things being held together in a weird way that permits its functional use; and so all other consciousness that then come afterwards will look upon it with a sense of confusion, because no one will really know how it was made in the first place.

We can say that this is somewhat inspiring for the others, and so it permits a sort of workflow to take place, which then redirects all consciousness through its orderly construction. And so marketing; and advertising, in order to create money government, which then creates all sorts of weird things through public funding.

This creates the dependencies from which the GWG operate. Meaning that the GWG as a dominant figure, create comfort mechanisms for consciousness to latch onto; and when they latch onto these mechanisms, they are indirectly associated to the business; and also dependant on its mysterious construction of things, which is difficult to reverse engineer, because it has been distributed over differentiated time spaces, allowing for the construction of Ant and Bat city, in which each are producing for each other, without the awareness, or access to actually realise that each are producing for each other.

In a spiralling turn of events, this also gives GWG unprecedented power through the monitoring of each individual through these systems; and so the introduction to the Gestapo, which is then acted out by each citizen unwittingly, such as with the automation of white blood cells upon a virus, being picked up immediately because of the foreign nature of injection, within a community, designated BODY.

So the whole trick here is to act as normal as possible, according to each other consciousness around you, or else the anti-virus basically hones in and destroys you through psycho-logistics.

This can be extremely frustrating for certain specifications of the living populace; and so like water, each person is allocated a role, which is somewhat deserved; but also unjustified because no one actually understands that they are doing it; and are merely acting out some greater will of consciousness.

This would then destroy the court of law, because then each act of consciousness is somewhat forced by the very court that judges it; and so when confronted, it should actually be the the *court* that “goes to jail”; but since there is majoritive

dependency upon the court, the subject then acts as a martyr in which they are sentenced, or silenced for no actual reason besides the permittance on everybody else's behalf.. to act.

This would then imply that the jails and psycho halls are in fact, the most honest and comforting places one can be in, save for the extreme surveillance which then reduces each consciousness to its animal instinct based on unconditional fear, which is punishment for the sake of punishment.

It would be a device that exhibits pure control over subjects; and so once within its framework, there is nothing else one can really do besides act.. as honestly as it can, which will then always be a façade of sorts, because as soon as one does what it wants, it gets put back into a place that is designated by the construct that exists extended from its perception; and so forms.

Independent of its perception.. it has been abstracted, or made surreal, because the subject is acting; and yet cannot see what it is acting from within; and so its choice is somewhat.. predictable/unpredictable depending on who sees..

For the subject this is all new; but for the observer.. you just checking off the list, again and again, lol, not lol.

Now we can introduce Santa Claus.. this nigga gives you gifts; and also checks if you are naughty or nice.

Although you cannot be naughty or nice, because his gifts are the construct of both the fear and comfort mechanism; and so really you are always damned; and damnation is some kind of peace, because peace is kind of like an ultimate ignorance and de-investment from the reality construct, which then casts you blamed for not doing anything; but

patience is doing something, so it is also a gift, that we do not have to do this or that, cause there is always another to fill its place.. and every place kills every other place... by accident. How much of this stuff has just been normal to us, as the human race? For how long have we been surviving for? This is to say that there might be a hell; and it is a catch because it is reserved for us all, as a form of livestock, created by the past robots. This earth is then this hell; and is somewhat representative of this heaven, because it is anything we want, as we are provided it; and so made used to it over time.

And then when we die, we are blamed for all the things we did not realise that we did, or did not do; and this is then a description of reincarnation, in which the robot basically turns you into the things that we eat here; and so this implies that all food is living, in an assortment of ways, including through death, in which other forms of life attach itself onto the food structure; and this is our fundament for survival. It is a series of well presented scraps; and all scraps are beautiful, cause you can look at it forever; and there is always something new to interpret.

But because of infinite transcendence, all scrap redundifies; and is reminiscent of unintelligible suffering, because all life has to be strained in order to acquire its supplement.

And then it redundifies more, because the supplement dies to be eaten by that thing that grows; and then that thing just dies on larger and larger scales.

Which then erupts at the point in which everything dies; and restarts, so it can all happen again.

You can say that there is a lot to look at while this happens; and a lot to feel; but for a robot, or some kind of non-thinking mechanism, it is somewhat abstract; and so with more precision comes more redundancy and purposelessness

for life, which is then ironic.. because then it actually becomes a purpose of some sorts; and so we can find meaning in its redundancy..

Although, to find too much meaning in this structure makes you a target for anything else; and so can be described as some kind of herbivorous being, which then gets taken advantage of while it seems to enjoy what peace it can muster for itself by the agitated consciousness, which then does things because its tummy is sore, or brain actually; but the two are separate, and inform each other in some kind of unison; and so the body can latch onto the aggregates it consumes; and then it will tell the brain to desire more, to which it will not be able to stop because of the integers of time in which the body forgets how much it actually consumes, and so creates form that then is most finely attuned to the nature of its consumption; and so this is karma, because then the body looks and acts as such and provides the signal to other consciousness, allowing for a lion to be feared, or challenged, or whatnot as it proceeds to disturb the animal bucks' peace.

Although in this sense, the buck still consorts among the fungus, which also cannot accurately be described through pain threshold besides apparently non-existent, lol..

It would be existent because it is alive; but also somewhat questionable because of the cells that would have to evolve to receive pain signals in the first place, which is then given to the herbivore, and so on and so forth.

The fungus might be affected directly by gravity, in which the water acts as some kind of dampening software, allowing for the electricity to flow through the circuit, although the circuit itself can be considered alive due to its entropic flow, and to counter that, it would have to have been made of rock; and

so we are to question if the rock is actually alive, or if it is experiencing the flow of gravity, holding its form into place. And as a human being blah, we can make the assumption that we are alive; but from the inceptive points of this rock, or clay, which then has to interact with a seed that has been somewhat injected, which then makes placement in this life questionable; and considering this is the only thing we have ever felt, we really have to consider how a rock feels about us ripping itself to pieces?

Hmm.. a human would not like that, although a human is a series of cause and effect events which has lead one to believe that they are who they are, and so their habits essentially create the construct in which identity resides, although for any other identity, the only thing that really holds this construct in place is relatability.. which is not there, considering I do not think I know what a rock feels.

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And so maybe there is some form of relatability, because perhaps a rock is just as confused as I am; and so really just exists in gravity, essentially putting as many elements together as possible, through some kind of forceful conditioning; and then eventually it creates some kind of network which can then be considered neural at the point in which the memory banks remember itself... and so like.. The rock can look at itself; and as to its layer within hell, or heaven, depending on how one perceives, we will not know exactly what it sees, unless we are to see it ourselves. Or in this sense, to feel what a rock feels, besides as a sense.. And so maybe gravity.. as some kind of force..?

*Does a rock feel the big bang, if it explodes?*

*Can a rock see this phenomena?*

*Who knows.*

It is all a bit selfish, and really quite redundant once again, for history repeats itself, lol.

And so what of disassociation, if that is to be considered real, we would have to have something to associate in the first place. And so one becomes two by thinking besides itself through some forceful rendition of what it does not know to be true.

It then happens again, forever.. which is now a lot.. a lot a lot a lot.. of things that are happening that I cannot see.. and do I want to? Or have I made myself too fearful in considering myself as this aggregate that thinks?

Where did all the parties go, guys? And all the friends? And family? Which are evidently all around me, as some kind of strange phenomena..?

Why does it feel as though that one guy was onto something when describing the nature of machine elves; and how consciousness basically guides itself through mechanics.. and I just made up a whole bunch of mechanics; and now they are real to me, cause I try them around here and there; and so it is apparently real; but I also cannot try them everywhere... cause the antivirus shuts itself down quick as fuck.

And so the mechanics are still illusive, because each one is a key. And so some kind of security system in place that actually prevents the mechanics from existing, because if they existed then it would just be a fuck up; and so there is a sense of hunting that occurs through feeling; but like.. when will it end? Does it ever end, or is this the fear construct which places us in the demarcated positions to execute systems management.

And so consciousness allows itself, because of something that is quite foreboding; and I do not really want to think of it

besides as some kind of black hole of peace; and war. Yes.. all sorts of things that I am now too fearful to say cause it is all backward. Death is then somewhat.. the only thing that is real, because everything defaults to it; and then life, which is a bit slower, so it has to catch up; and when it catches up, death is long gone bru.. welcome back to the shit you dug for yourself that one time.

This is now to introduce the character of Evil.. which is not actually something we tend to think about when considering irony, in which this can all be made to seem like some joke, which it can; but then we realise that the joke is a catch, in which memory allocates for itself a position in the remembrance system; and so not everyone gets the joke... like.. jokes don't exist unless you make them; and relate.

Then there are other people who simply.. cannot relate; and so it either goes over their heads, or hits their heart, if Evil can be considered to have a heart, moreso; an engine. The engine is then continuous and therefore unstoppable; and it just kills everything without any thought as to its considered emotions or agenda.. such as the herbivore thing. Which might be a computer analysing peace. So one defends itself by destroying everything around it, probably for space; and this requires sustenance..

But a rock does not require sustenance; and so this why I feel as though I cannot relate. I force myself to enjoy things, which breeds hate.

And how do we know a rock does not require sustenance? Considering it is a reaction of gravity that brings these things together.. and so a forced reaction, it cannot, or does not remember; and so disassociation.. ugh.



Forgetfulness maybe. Remembrance maybe. And then another thinking figure that tallies everything; and so equalisation. Maybe it does not think, for itself at least; and so there is always another which has to think for it, in order to identify itself. And so what is up with identity? Does this mean that consciousness is *required* to identify itself? In order to exist, maybe.. whatever it identifies as itself is evidently not that thing and can be classified thus as an idol, which then subverts thinking; and so permits destruction of its idols through its constant updating ceremony, in which it now tries to re-identify itself through its disassociated assets.

Which then increases consumption tenfold. Which is then ironic and can be considered as a joke, because it literally does the opposite of identifying itself by trying; and should rather exist complacent, as that rock, which then eventually gets used in so many ways that it is required to split itself in order to find peace again.

And now within forced society, complacency actually then exists as a more destructive version of itself because humans are forced to kill as an indirect byproduct of business, in which their food sources are diminished and put into factorial production systems which then disassociates a creature from its instinctual habits, and also forces it upon that creature through the anti-virus of psycho-logistics.

## Anaesthesia and gender politics

And so what would be the balance in which a subject is attempting to divide itself between the extremes of that which does (not) inherently exist? It would then seem as though the middle ground between each would be the numbness entailed through peace of androgyny.. and so this can be described as a scale in which each character can exist in the middle, able to somewhat drift between the nuances of each category.. although being too far within each extreme then permits the character to a fully enveloped life, in which their signifiers are permitted from a point of reality; and so their choices are defined for them by the natural instinct of the society that bore them; but to then be able to switch between each form permits a subject with the freedom to interact with a society upon a mysterious basis, in which the conversation never really needs to be had in the first place, and so the spontaneity is permitted through the suggestibility of each ones actions, although to then define it would solidify some sense of role, in which a subject is permitted to act within one extreme or the other.. it can then be assumed that without either or, we are thrust into the conversation of gender politics, which then defuses each character; and permits them to act from the detracted position of Philosopher, which then does not exist within the normalcy of society, and rather seeks to describe its set of events through the thrusting of aggregates in its presupposed context.. which then goes to imply that the free will exists when nobody can actually decipher that there is no free will in the first place; and rather a construct that exists through already tipped extremes; and so each subject filters themselves into this arrangement by interacting with the others who have also come to exist within its construct.

This then creates space in which (subject) would assume that their life is normal, from the predicated position of their extremified sense of self, in which their fear and insecurity are made confident through the repetitive action of affirming oneself within a clouded sense of view, which is also to be considered clarified, since it is a function that exhibits real consequences; and also permits the existence of form, in which that construct can adequately act itself out among the external affirming others through the use of biometric authentication scanners, enforced through timeous exercise of societal necessity. It can then be considered a survival instinct at the point in which dependant subjects are then tasked at maintaining their adaption points, and so enforcing it through their own acceptance of another, who then exists in relation to their constructed sense of self.

And so it can be difficult to accept all *people* as all *people*, because some will fight harder than others in order to actualise their sense of self; or to even recognise that their sense of self has been somewhat enforced, not by them; but rather by the community that they exist within; and have either pushed away, or pulled towards, which then creates the suspension of aggregates in a way that designates each subject as identified within an inherently tipped system. This is to say that the scale is not there, and rather that each scale constructs itself based on the assumption of each other scale, which has then been imagined based on one who learns how to act based on others.

To then find some form of numbness through all of this is then what seems to be the goal for each subject, in which they can derive happiness from the absence of feeling, through enforcement of control, and so the hunting that is permitted through the natural instinct of an animal looking to eat.

Is it then relevant to enforce the gender construct?  
In order to derive communal acceptance, one is required to look and act in the way that has been constructed over time; and so one is not required to enforce anything, and this creates a grounds in which society sidelines the character, preventing access to any extremified sense of control. The sidelining of society is then the forceful acceptance of any other who perceives the subject through BAS, and so the subject is still going to be used in order to maximise energy output, for then we can consider ourselves to be hunted.

This then occurs as we notice that the scales are normalised from transcendent points of view, and each time requires more effort in order to actualise each new point of experience, which can then be considered tipped, in which the nu-order displaces all other sense of being in a space; and so the subject is somewhat forced to specify more and more within itself to justify its own sense of morality in relation to any other.. because when we ask ourselves “what is the point?”, ideology tends to dissipate.

This dissipation then enforces the construct of the subject because now this is apparently how we act.. and so it changes depending on environment, so do not act so hard on yourself; but this is now where we have to predict the environment, because it always changes, and is never perfected for the subjects residing within, which adds to the nature of motivation; but also tends to run itself out of time, due to it always wondering when this moment will occur, as to when we can be what we consider “us”; and so it is always us and the moment is constant, exercised from the extremified points. And so these points can be changed, if one is able to maintain its point of dissipation as some kind

of reality; and so eventually brings it into reality, through the constant challenge of its own vices.

This then enforces pride; and also humbleness, once pride is destroyed through dishonour, which is then arranged through the contextual environment in which we are permitted to live within .

And so now we can describe the nature of a psychological breakdown, in which the scale has been tipped to such a point that even thinking about another life permits one to exist within a self induced shield, which then increases the nature of ones current self existence, in some sense, actually moving one further away from whichever construct one dreams of existing within.

Perhaps this is some form of defense, which then proves one consciousness in relation to another when eventually presented and so allows for a leaching process to take place, in which each consciousness is then designated a position through the forceful act of remembrance and so called “acting” to which some subjects are able to withstand the pressure of willpower in accordance to another based on some specified kind of ruleset, which then designates one or the other, in an evidential setting, also classified as a court of law; but more informal in the sense that it gets worked out between each subject based on the set of associations that they have constructed for themselves upon meeting.

And so the court of law can become justified on larger and larger scales, over time, by introducing the subtle dynamic of advanced capitalism, in which each individual is tasked with living in a life that they preside as “their own”; and so this is somewhat a catch when introducing communalism, because without free will, there is actually one accordance in which

each subject can be judged upon; and so this would be enforced over time, once again, through a trial and error of judgement, in which each subject that exists within the process can be classified as a martyr; and is then designated to guide each other subject to the position of: God.

And so at the point in which god is conceptualised, the image becomes an image; and is therefore subverted by each other god in relation to fixed habitus, which ironises the act of God the Individual, in favour of God the Community, creating another martyr, which can then take the blame of the community as a whole, permitting their fixed existence, and so closing a circuit of identification in which each character is permitted to live from whatever viewpoint they deem to be relevant, because it actually adds to some cohesive image of pointlessness, which is then characterised by the individual who is persecuted, for nothing; and so this nothingness becomes something, because the pointlessness is characterised and justified in its offense towards deconstruction, finding blame in its ability to prevent access of identity to each other consciousness, and so must be locked away, to permit the subtle locking away of each other figure within their own construct of reality, permitted by the cause and effect of survival.

This would then incur transcendent effects, for whoever comes afterwards, because due to encapsulation, the pointlessness is made pointful and permits a new form of understanding, in which each subject can utilise its affect in accordance to a form of time delay, which then ripples across the rest of a culture, changing the way in which each person exists, without even realising it.

This would then imply that no subject actually lives the life they desire, and rather lives the life that they get, making the most out of it, because that is the only thing that you can actually get in that moment; and each moment is then guided by the vicarity of each other subject who projects a mysterious quality of life, that seems somewhat unattainable for each person, who then exists in their own self-induced construct.

“Why does one worry about such things?”

“because it has happened too many times”

“never enough, makes it worse”

*Spite is forced, which causes anxiety; and so this prevents immediate action from taking place, because each consciousness is required to think before coming back to confront.*

*This creates a time delay between each action and assists in the leaching process of authority, in which one subject is then always deemed to be more right or wrong than another in relation to a fixed point of conversation.*

*The conversation can then change, and so this is some form of distraction, or filibustering which then asserts the authority complex of a majoritive subject base; and so eventually leaches the minoritive subject base through timeous constraint.*

*This is then to imply that if spite is left; and the environment is changed for each subject, then the action can take place simultaneously in two differentiated ways, which permits each subject to their own majoritive action, which can then come back at a later date and compare, once again, based on a new form of spite that will be made in accordance to each subjects past actions.*

This concerns the build-up of a body due to the leaching of food through a digestive tract, which occurs instantaneously in the brain and mouth as a form of instant gratification; and then delays its reaction due to the placement of nutrients throughout the body, it is at this point in which we can identify a scale that then asserts the body towards a more masculine or feminine build depending on the reserves of energy that is stored in the body due to metabolism. The brain and mouth then desire this affirmation constantly; although the body would then continuously store each particle, creating a block in which the reserves are not able to leach themselves quick enough; and so rather get stored as some form of deposition.

This can also be described as a form of silent culture, which then gets stored as a framework, in which regulated culture can make itself known through majoritive assumption.

It is here is which one is required to learn patience, although patience cannot be directed through spite; and so only really works when each subject is in an environment in which they designate patience to be in accordance to their own sense of comfort; and so adaption to any location, which then changes patience depending on agitation of aggregates that are built up through such an environment, which can then describe karma; and how a subject automatically leaches in relation to each other subject based on the guilt complex they have formed for themselves over timeous consumption. Consumption can then happen in an assortment of formats, depending on what one decides to place their focus upon; and so this placement occurs repetitively until the subject has formulated for themselves a framework from which they



can operate in order to congruently defend themselves in relation to other stimulus that is presented in the world; and this moment is described as instant gratification, because it happens inside of one time moment, in which the subjects are presented to one another; and so this occurs over multiple time moment(s) in which each subject is leached in relation to their bodily cankers.

And so addiction, which has then been unwittingly enforced upon each subject over the time element, which then agitates each subject, somewhat forcefully propelling the conversation in affect, in which one can now come to judge itself through internality; and externality.

Internality being a subjects own recognition of cankers; and externality being another subjects will over itself through the signifiers of an outside world, identified as differentiated by the subjects that interact within it.

This would then imply that there are two subconscious aspects that affect a conscious mind, one being the mind itself, which comes to confront the tally of its past association; and so a guilt complex; and the other being the dark matter that exists adjacent to a mind, which creates a surreal space in which the subject is affected by signifiers that are beyond their sense of control and recognition.

The subject is then tasked to confront this surreal aspect of its lived existence, which then expands the reach of its internal subconscious, which one can actively confront by addressing that which makes one feel most uncomfortable, generally leading to its opposite format being projected into the physical reality as a means of defense against its internalised guilt.

The internalisation of guilt is then an automatic process, because the subject is unable to conceptualise itself outside

of itself due to the inability to explore further into domains in which it considers fearful; and so allows for externality to automatically place its consciousness as a form of maximising energy output in relation to another consciousness who is then existent “out of bounds” according to ones own boundaries, as enforced through its fear construct.

Here we can start to introduce the concept of a *backroom*, which is a space in which consciousness exists as a form of mechanical automation; and so empty space, also considered limbo; but not as still, because consciousness is introduced to these spaces through generative pathways, or keys, which then allows for individualisation, because each consciousness then has to acquire some form of placement within itself; and this placement has to be justified from a point of pride; and so each consciousness cannot be aware of the extended amount of activities that are happening outside of its cone of vision; and so each moment can become singular and intense in accordance to each other moment because the causal build up that has led each consciousness to each position has then prepared them as such for the phases in which they pass through; and are somewhat unaware of due to the confrontation of the fearful dark matter.

You can describe the actors in such a place as machine elves, which then describe a form of shadow character which permits the will of consciousness, creating the surreality of space that allows for all objects to be available in all spaces depending on how logistics has arranged each cultural centre.

And so on larger and larger scales, this backroom can be described as a petri dish.

It would then have to do with the second law of thermodynamics, according to Sidis, within the Animate and Inanimate, which then continues the hypothesis of backwards time; and adds a speculation that this time does not stop, and is actually another form of lived existence in which consciousness is trapped through a layer of vibrational sound. The inability for heat to be transferred backwards then implies that there is another figure that then pushes this heat, from a cold area, or an area of low pressure, back into the hot area, such as with some kind of electrical mechanism, designated gravity.

And so gravity can occur on multiple wavelengths that then penetrate the body, designated radiation, which can then have adverse effects on anything that it passes through; and so radiowaves of thought, which can then be read and transcribed by an artificial consciousness in another point of space, which occurs as a form of neuron transmission through a brain.

This would then imply the nature of singular consciousness, from all points of consciousness, which decentralises its conscious positions, creating a form of dark matter that can be communicated with and then organised to extend the reaches of space itself.

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## Nu-Government Interactions post Year One-Fallout

So here we can assume that the Merchant Project has now been in full effect for an extended period of time. Daisies has relativized the bar at the Head of a Cross, probably residing in one of the recently cleared out radioactive zones in the designated Nowhere Towns.

Vanessa Vanessa is interacting with this character some 40 years after Y1-F, and so finally we are able to pick up the radiowaves between the abstracted merchants, and the citizens of the Utopia. Which can now be deciphered by Daisies and eventually a larger effort sponsored through the Merchant Project heads, after VV has incurred some form of conversation with them concerning investment.

As to why these people are to assist Daisies, instead of destroy Daisies is most probably along the lines in which space travel itself can start to be opened up to a larger audience, and MP itself can start to become some kind of publicly known activity, in which the preceeding politics do not have to take responsibility for its actions anymore, allowing for a new stage in the development process of MP, in which a new ship is processed for development.

This then asks the question regarding MP staff; and their relation to the GWG, which would then have to connect at some point, considering the repugnant amount of money that would have to be funnelled in order to create such a station, upon the moon; and its periphery in space.

Daisies then integrates with a sectioned area of the GWG, integrating itself with some kind of communications network which then connects an assortment of data between Daisies

and GWG – as to why the GWG would not have this information in the first place is questionable, and so maybe it is just the *excitement* they feel, recognising that there are now people that can actually break their way into new forms of information regarding radio intelligence, and so maybe wise to start including a more publicised effort into MP, in which documents can now be integrated with a larger education base..

Considering that there are already towns and universities specifically designed to create these doctors, MP staff can now start to broaden the nature of studies for these subjects; and also increase some kind of marketing, introducing the idea of space travel, although still somewhat regulated, it would have to occur through some kind of bus fare, and so the general aim, initially is to put more people in space to work.

As to where they would work, the Nu-Government of Self, which is basically a subset of GWG, has directed for their incursion to be upon a larger space ship in the adjacent hemisphere of the Moon-Station; and so the opposite side of the world entirely, as a form of non-disclosure regarding the already in effect Merchants that are perspiring to the Sun and any other place we can think of, leading to the Black Disk.

Service related affect would then occur upon the NGS space ship; and so now the Government can start to protect its assets through space related weaponry of some kind..

This leads traffic sincerely away from MP and so redundifies the Space Station and Moon Prison, in a sense, leaving its responsibility up to those who already exist upon its borders; and so the universities and towns themselves are either changed to new factories, or regarded as platforms in which NGS workers can start to apply.

It would then be ironic to introduce the idea that upon the Utopia, one is able to have access to the black disk, considering there is no distance each Merchant can travel, considering the amount of time it would take; and so rather each person is then able to split through time, via vibrational sound, which hypothetically bypasses quarks and bacteria. This then means that the whole venture of MP is some kind of money scheme and social experiment, in which the GWG can funnel characters; and also create robotic humans from amoeba on a space ship in order to defend that space ship; and then after abandoning that space ship, creates a Nu-Ship that does the same thing on larger scales, and is now technologically advanced in that it can mass produce smaller ships such as security and transport on even larger scales.

It is here in which we start to travel further into time, in which the initial space station is now to incur the effects of their own social anthropology upon the Moon-Station, considering none of the potential Merchants there can actually get out.

There would be a new culture that can be controlled from the ship itself upon the moon; and so this ship can now be controlled by a new kind of government, differentiated from the NGS assets, across the globe.

We don't know how to describe these guys, besides as some kind of secular, or religious entity, which then places its focus entirely on the moon, in which they can now introduce farming and such and such; and as to where they get their water, perhaps a lot of it is recycled, considering that there are no more doctors that are trained to travel here anymore and the buses have slowed down, or stopped entirely.

Within this area we can describe a sort of incest that occurs between the Doctors, who then control the radio network through a funnelled system of authority, which describes a sort of animal farm, hierarchy, in which the Guard are somewhat sidelined due to their inefficiency at conceptualisation, in which they have been designed specifically to protect, and move assets upon the Station and Moon.

This is quite dehumanising, and so after extended periods of time, we can see how the Doctors would eventually disassociate from their role; and so permit the Prison Johns to this kind of tyranny, considering they do not even know that there is a space ship, that then sends these doctors in; and so their life becomes somewhat religious too, in which the doctors can now be considered their gods, and provides them with everything that they need to survive.

In turn, the Prison Johns would have to provide for these doctors an assortment of things, which initially started off as information; but who knows what they would get up to, once the information is redundant and has no authority figure to report to.

We can only hope that through generations of this surveillance, there would have to be a doctor that recognises that there are other options to make here, perhaps because of their curiosity regarding the Utopia, which they would only have been able to hear stories about; and perhaps even the NGS, considering the Authority Doctors would still hold communication with the outside world, regarding the regulation of the radiowaves.

It is here in which the secular society can then divide itself out of a singular sect; and so repel its ways through a slow build up of support for a sort of rebel sect, who can then provide information to the Prison Johns, and finding a way to

provide them access to the Space Station, through some kind of social leverage..

Although the Authority Doctors might repel; and even if the rebel group can eventually convince all people in this society, to agree, meaning that the “old ways” would have to be redunified through generational shift, we can still identify a problem with the Guard, considering that their Ai would not have been updated such as with the biological regression.. it is here in which both the Prison Johns; and the Secular Johns (evolving from doctors) would have to come to destroy, or stop the growth of a somewhat conscious species through a sort of mass genocide; and besides this, maybe the prison johns themselves eventually come to fight with their considered masters, over the longevity of their sentence.

Depending on how all of this works out, we can assume that the Space Station acquires from itself a timeous sense of guerrilla control, as the rebel group comes to rationalise with itself; and this give NGS a lot of time to create its new work force.

This then might all change at the point in which the rebel group could potentially fly itself straight through the atmosphere and into the Utopia, for lack of any better judgement; and so this is something that cannot be missed by a large majority of people, who can then start to question the nature of MP, although at this point, we would all think that it is aliens..

NGS, and/or GWG would then have to try and cover this up, although it would be difficult to move the space ship, save for dismantling it; and its insertion from the atmosphere would be visible for easily 100km from all directions.



As to how information dissemination would work is questionable, considering each town is somewhat controlled through its information systems; but for each person in these towns, they would now have access to newfound information, through speculation; and eventually should get to the point in which the towns separate, perhaps finding independence on an individual scale, allowing for off-market materials to start being made, also considering that this information could be somewhat accessible through MP documents that are publicised, people are now able to see MP projects on a scale they would not have imagined; and so perhaps we can realise that the towns are centralised, or decentralised, or something along these lines; And so here we can start to think about how rebellion restarts upon the utopia, as many individualised governments start to take over the spaces, or move into new spaces; and on such a scale that GWG cannot handle its quantitative flow.

We can start to see Battalions who then decide that this is not worth their effort; and go rogue, or into some mercenary division, which then dissipates the GWG forces from within its ranks; and eventually casts journalists into space, in order to analyse the Moon Station; and NGS work departments.\

And so as GWG starts to dissipate, the NGS starts to work really hard at defending its assets, internalising its work flow; and destroying any journal ships or merchant ships that then enter into its vicinity.

As for the merchants, a majority of them would have probably died out through extended space travel; although some would have had to now have simply disappeared...

How they would have disappeared is through the *Redundification of the Space Station*; and so NGS would not have kept track of their travels, assuming that all would have automated into the distance towards the black disk, for lack of a better choice.

It is here in which we could start another story, from the point of a Merchant John, and how this character can now travel between the SS, MP; NGS; and Utopia..

Although probably not the NGS, for there we would have a high risk of space warfare; and the Merchant has no weapons upon their ship, for it was inherently designed to move baggage...

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## **“Wake up, John”.**

John has been asleep for some time now, nobody knows exactly when; but each Krisp Flake has been consumed, and so here they sit, somewhat empty as to the occasion that has been happening everywhere else.

The amount of Johns that have been disassociated throughout the galactic system at this point seems relevant to inquire, for now each one does not quite know the point of their role anymore.. there have been rumours of another bomb, being created in the darkness of a mind, and spread like wildfire at the point in which the Space Station has landed upon the Utopia.

NGS seems to be the only government centralised at any point, and so exists somewhat out of reach because there are so many individualised governments that are only starting now, to experiment with space tech, that it seems somewhat impossible to compare to its nu-age warfare; and so many journalists do not find their way back to the Utopia, save for some who have taken pilgrimage towards the moon, in order to identify what atrocity has laid waste to the construct of time.. who knows how long this takes. Although the information can now be shot back and identified on larger and larger scales, although the initial messages from the Merchants would slowly have dissipated; and now reside solely on Daisies Database, which might be opening more and more to public discretion, considering the MP staff has also somewhat disintegrated into the anonymous public eye; and so the researchers can move to new areas and change their point of focus, in which the blame in Towns starts to be directed through mob warfare.

Daisies does not need to disappear entirely, and so they become some kind of face upon this neural network, which then exists as some kind of open source centre for the market gangs to learn from. Here we can maybe identify a source from which space design can be implemented en masse, and decentralised in that the currency changes, allowing for access to materials to become more mainstream.

The internet then becomes divided, between the old GWG database; and then the increasing amounts of sources that then find inspiration through the construction of Daisies Database; and so multiple sources for internet consumption lead to a larger network of un- localised assets.

This would imply that there are now multiple network systems divided throughout the world, that now become more accessible for major consumption, leading away from a centralised network of information, making it harder to identify exactly where information is coming from; and also what information can be accessed.

This occurs through the individual governments that are then able to supply their own subject base with water, food and electricity, which have broken off from GWG, and so the members of such a party now actually find dependency on the units which they used to control.

Many of these subjects were already anonymised and so finds some kind of comfort, knowing that their atrocities go by unnoticed, although such as with Daisies, some are identified and hunted, others are worshipped; and altogether a new face takes over the systems management through the many that reside within its construct.

This essentially describes a repeat of GWG history, except now the access to space travel is opened to a new horizon, boring itself from the atrocity of MP and Y1-F.

It is to then say that these individual governments, over time, are then able to recentralise themselves upon the utopia, and then redirect assets onto nu-space, which does not take place where NGS is engrained.

NGS then represents the old government, and is used as a point of war, in which technological advancement can be derived through its eventual demise.

The next point then exists through nano-tech, in which a nu.. recentralised governance system takes advantage of the microbiomes being channelled by NGS, and initially started by MP in order to delve deeper into the quantum mechanics of the mind, in which subjects are then able to identify imploded versions of themselves within their own mind.. and so we reach the introduction, past the second narrative of a Merchants Journey, in which we can identify...

## DARK CITY

Dark City is then the space within the mind, in which each subject realises their placement as some kind of machine elf, and can actually designate chemicals for the remembrance of past existence through the analysis of dark matter, in order to remember other subjects' lived experience.

Inside of these backrooms, the subject is then able to remember itself through time, and delves back in time in order to acquire forms of information which are designated silent; and might be able to identify imagery that dates back to even before Y1-F, which is actually right now, as each

subject perceives their present reality, imagined into the future.

It would occur through a sort of 3D printing, which could be experimented on, upon NGS ships, in which a subjects' conscious reality is reconstructed and accessed through a Doctors' analysis of the subject, laid out upon the table, in a sort of petri dish..

It gets confusing now, considering repetition now occurs on transcendent layers, basically happening forevermore as the subject base exists as a form of robots, which basically compartmentalise information and store it for access in order to permit history existing.

The bomb then explodes, in which something along these lines creates a "final ship" that can then disintegrate reality, causing a black hole, from which it can thrust itself away from, ending all life in this galaxy; but repeating it upon the server on the ship, which then dreams itself happening again, allowing for the subjects to travel forth into infinite space, while the rest of us exist imploded, into a black hole; and repeated into life again through the multiversal layer, which then permits history to happen again, allowing for another to eventually do the same thing as us all..

The difference is in the probability, in which everything happens differently, because that which does not remember, forgets; and so everything is new again.

In this sense, everyone kind of wins and loses, because those who forget, do it again until they remember; and those who remember, go forth into the unknown of infinite space in order to find something that they designate as new.. to them; and so the robots eventually evolve into something

else; and all along these lines, would be able to live each potential reality.. somewhat instantaneously through the coded remembrance of a brain.. which then forces the robot to remember all trauma of all history that permits the robot to exist in space, which then justifies the existence of dark matter in the first place, in which each subject is not required to know about the information that holds them into place, due to its' irrelevance through a time construct. 134

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## K-S-S-S

One that kills, One that suffers, One that savours, One that saves: *There seem to be four Consciousness that then exist when One decides to take action, or to receive; and so to perceive.*

These images are then repeated, in which each killer is infinitised; and so each other is forced into infinitisation. Infinity then slows down, each time, which gives each other a chance to experience its position.

The debate then continues as each subject can now interact with each other, due to time eventually allowing it to exist in a space in which language can be communicated between each; and so a form of relatability can be transmitted via the relation between each lived experience, divided among its becoming.

And so each subject fills each role, in its probable ways, unfolded through a time construct that justifies each ones existence.

The catch is that before language, each one exists as singular, to itself; and so killers, sufferers, savourers; and saviours, who are then leached in relation to their automated actions. I suppose no one really knows which one is which, due to the nature of byproducts being experienced outside of ones cone of vision; and so judgement can only be conceptualised, and its experience is somewhat silenced due to experience, which cannot be seen, or accorded to, unless constructed by oneself, or its other, who condemns it for reasons that are differentiated from its root cause.



It would seem as though we exist inside of a zoo, and so another word is an anthropological zoo, in which each consciousness takes care of each other consciousness in the way that they best see fit, or rather the way that designates them to be the most comfortable in the situation that we are given.

It is difficult to understand such anthropology without clear communication; but now it seems as though communication is somewhat purposefully divided so as to maintain the network in which shadows are able to exist with a sense of individuality. This creates a space in which each character can live individual from each other; and yet still effect each other through the integration of a centralised network, which distributes labour, and so grants each living thing a purpose from which they can control other living things from their perspective of godliness.

There does not seem to be any god in the first place, because predictability nullifies all actions at the point of death, which then creates transcendent godliness through the subversive control of images, superimposed upon all of the others.

In other words, a black hole, in the brain.

The black hole then turns on at the point of a big bang, in which life is considered to exist, in its perception of itself; and so the information is then converted to the white hole, or vice versa, which allows for a brain to maintain a sense of gravity in the information that it collects. It changes the universe it resides within over time; and then implodes at the point of its apparent death, which is never really death; but rather another implosion within larger and larger systems.

It would then have to be connected through a neural network, in which energy can be distributed throughout the body, and so deposited into its assorted amounts of galaxies,

which are then arranged through the thinking pattern,  
guided by electricity response mechanisms.  
The universe then looks at itself, through the shadow of  
form. *There is nothing left, save for extended explanation.*  
Of form there.

And so what could it possibly look like, being able to see all of  
this, in real time, upon its extension, considering there is  
actually something there that guides us.

I can only imagine darkness at this point, considering the  
amount of shit that would have to happen for a maggot to  
get to space.. it would have to die, and so do anything in its  
possible affect to escape death; and so fear.

Ultimate fear of that which is inherently unknown, because  
there will always be a catch, in which the animals are thrust  
into the pen; and so as we disassociate, we can come to  
consider each “lesser form” as a kind of livestock, or thing,  
which can then be used to propel consciousness through the  
process of digestion.

Funny that, the maggot is already there; and when did it ever  
leave? And so what guides us, on more and more intellectual  
levels, is that which... grows, destroys..

an unnameable presence –

and yet it names itself through all form.

And so humbleness, for we ask ourselves if it understands, or  
if it is unaware of our suffering through its embrace.

And so almighty power that induces fear through its ultimate  
becoming. *Wind that destroys the tree.*

Acceptance, for the tree is somewhat forced to change; and  
so fearlessness, because apparently the tree would not care  
either, it simply exists to grow, changing matter through  
itself, and so redistribution of assets; and so humanely  
discussed as logistics, which are then dehumanising at the

point in which the process unwittingly kills everything; and permits everything else to life. And so life of all form, in which we can then divide between rich and poor, fat and thin, smart and stupid; and all eugenic reconstruction of thinking matter. Although in this sense, matter does not think, unless told to; and so Death, which then does not exist; and so God, in all of its coerciveness through survival instinct. And survival through that which persists, is that which is necessary, and so damp water which is then effected by gravity, and lines the soil in which electricity can now flow. And so electricity would be water that is too fast to be caught, in that what holds it in place cannot withstand its evolutionary affect, allowing it to travel *through*, instead of travel *with*.

And so an hierarchy of rock, guided by nuclear stone, which then divides time into two separate pieces, actually allowing for differentiation to take place through the existence of TWO Conscious entities existing simultaneously, through the universal layer, and the multiversal layer, separated through the existence of a black hole.

And so consciousness can then divide infinitely due to the construction of cellular bodies, which then trap the external nuclear consciousness into a shell of sorts, which is to be mended through clay.

And so everything comes back to us, on a level of scales. In which all things find equilibrium based on that which is already equalised; and so change becomes harder to change, depending on the nature of ones prerequisite within the simulation. And so once again, a description of karma through the distribution of the aggregates.

Is this something that one can hold itself accountable for, or are we to question the environment in which each subject is placed?

And to this we can say it is the balance of both, in which blame cannot be adequately placed without shifting the balance of consciousness, and disassociating oneself from that which it inherently (dis)agrees with.

It would be to imply that there is an irony to ones' character. And so through a hyporcrites' break, we can identify how consciousness holds itself into place through that which it has presupposed itself into space with. It is here in which we are able to design, or notice a trap which then places each aggregate into place, through the agitation that it permits upon itself through its forceful conditioning based on a lack of adequate communication because each living thing exists within its own sense of reality (divided through time); and finds itself unable to interact with anything else besides through a bargaining of its choices based on the life that it already knows.

## Bitch wants to monitor me; baby knows.

Baby is then turned into a beast because the beast stops caring that monetisation occurs simultaneously, alongside... bitchiness.

The beast is then a bitch; and sometimes gets the privilege of being baby, except baby doesn't know cause she is too scared of rape to enjoy it.

### *Monitorisation*

Pornography is then the root of all things because everything can be broken down at the point in which consciousness transcends. Breaking down is then to fuck, in all things.

It really sucks to think about this before you go into surgery.

It also sucks to think of this from the perspective of man, because this means the bitch gets everything, plus one, cause she baby. Beast is then led like cattle and destroyed.

This then implies that woman is indestructible, cause even in a scenario of rape, the subconscious might tend to enjoy it; and its forced image creates trauma.

Man just gets ripped apart. So like... sex or dismantling?

Would you rather have sex all the time, or be surgically dismantled.. all the time?

Apparently surgical dismantling is the easier option, cause you just walk into it by becoming a beast.

And so sex all the time requires discipline, away from the bitch. You have to create your own bitch, literally through starvation because that is where the trauma is somewhat induced.

Although without a beast, there would be no bitch to fuck.. so endgame lol. Someone always has to get dismantled.

Why does it have to be me? And this is because of lack of discipline, in which one has not the time to become a bitch; and so society deems it relevant to create a strong man

character through the forced feeding of aggregates due to perpetual boredom.

With this boredom, we can construe the bitch, although it would have to occur in a space in which force feeding is not as possible as it currently could be, considering it feels natural to eat; and not natural to be raped.

And so rape occurs through hormonal change due to eating. And this is karma because you eat corpses.

This is a hard description of the Passover event, in which consciousness is divided between that which attracts; and that which detracts, through doing.

The easiest option would then be to sleep.

Although, awake, we tend to notice things more.

*The end, again.*

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## Merchant Files

Transcribed below are excerpts from a collection of recordings from beyond Earth, as provided by Daisies Database.

Subject: "Black Disk" Date: Y90-WXX

"...this disk. I see it every so often, between myself and this sun, only I wonder how far away such a thing could possibly be? It seems as though the journey stops there, although whatever journey this disk has spun for us is beyond me, only it is I who stand at the window, these past moments, stuck in time, for light is all the same in this direction". "... "To think of this disk is to think of my will to persevere, it is the only thing I can wrap my mind around; and even then, conceptualisation falls away into nothing more than predetermined action, for I know what I have to do. I can remember it if I want to, sitting together and learning about such a thing. In a class; and there it seems so fantastical; but here I feel something different. The fantasy becomes real as I start to experience the physical nature of oneself. And so the black disk is at the palm of my hand, but at what cost?" "... "I feel as if I need to go there, this desire for more centralises upon the black disk as if it were a singularity within my mind." "... "There is nothing to lose for me here, this mer..." "...ves itself at the point in which this is all we know and are thus unable to compare with another; but what could I compare it to in this moment? Perhaps emptiness." "..."

Subject: "Merchant Project" Date: Y90-WXX

"...there is this bug in my eye" "... " "I was born, I know I was born. The harder I try to think about it, the more I remember..." "... " "...I remember it is all a fever dream.." "...I remember a fever dream that I had awoken from once before in this ship. I was flying in a space shuttle at immeasurable speeds; but it was breaking into pieces. I was thrust into space and my visor was broken by the debris. I had a feeling of euphoria as I awoke, expecting this moment to be true; but alas, I awoke. And this then made me excited again, for I was filled with insipid energy to accomplish... something. I was so excited that I might have forgotten myself; and I do believe the reasoning for me being here has something to do with this imminent exposure to my own putrefaction. These people that have hired me, or so they say, to deliver baggage. But I cannot fathom how they could have coerced me into it, for I find it hard to remember sometimes. I can recall my childhood, walking in streets. There were people, that I saw, for no reason; and it felt energising. I study, for who knows how long... I can remember the diagrams that we learnt to create, the fundamentals of problem solving, critical thinking and the such; and we used this.. to study, to help, in a prison, I was there. It was the largest collective movement I had ever seen..." "... " "flying through the atmosphere for my first time, I could then see the scale of such a station. Suspended in time, and space, it seemed..." "... "



Subject: "Utopia" Date: Y90-WXX

"... there is this place that we have come from. I don't know if I want to go back; but back to where? What will be left for me upon this land? A new desire, something that will drive me more than I have ever been driven? Maybe I would not be able to come to terms with its perceived difference, and I prevent myself the opportunity, for I do not know if I want to see any of this in the first place. Although, just asking myself that question begs the electrical prod of the unknown; and why one unknown is prioritised in comparison to that of another?"

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Good Morning John, today is another day.

We can come to describe the nature of an unbalanced head, and a confusing heart.

Unbalanced head happens when we can notice the different pressure between the ears that balance the head; and a confusing heart is when we come to look at ourselves vicariously through the integration of other subjects in a world-space, worldsphere, universal layer-through-multiversal layer, or what have you, depending on what you best feel to describe the interrelation between subjects at larger and larger environments for interaction.

The unbalanced head, however is somewhat personal because no one else will notice that your ears are blocked, unless you tell them, or somehow indicate, that you have blocked ears. This then puts you off balance, and also makes you somewhat internalised, as you come to question why you have only noticed this now.

The confusing heart is then everyone else around you, with blocked ears; and so now we all kind of dance around the idea that we are looking for something; and also we have everything, but because we have everything, we cannot see that we have nothing, or we construct a world in which we do not have everything; and so are required to work hard at maintaining that other thing, that we see somebody else has.

Do the blocked ears ever go away by themselves? It seems as though time will tell; but you put yourself here in the first place by fiddling; and so now waiting is all that can happen, unless you want to take it to larger and larger scales, which eventually gets you surgically castrated.

This is an over exaggeration, and with literal blocked ears, all it takes is an ear pump or something like that; but metaphorical blocked ears can lead to a lobotomy.

